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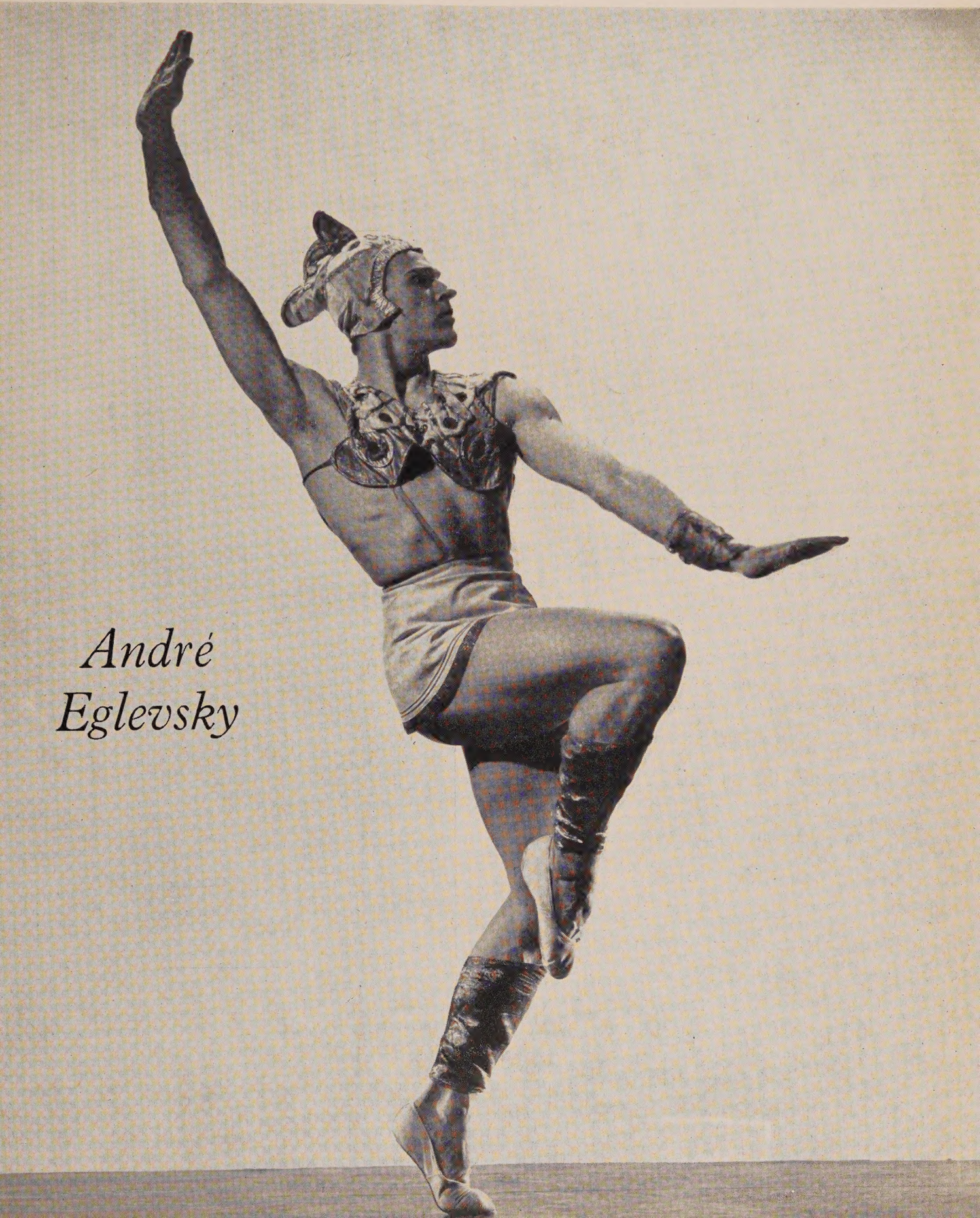

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Ninette de Valois' Haunted Ballroom *was one of the greatest successes during the recent Sadler's Wells Ballet tour of America. This eighteen year-old work has taken on a new lease of life. The above photograph, by Denis de Marney, emphasises the spectral aspect of a work in which the master of the house meets a grisly fate in his own ancestral ballroom. David Poole is seen as the Master of Treginnis.*

Cover Stories

Our front cover, by Maurice Seymour, shows André Eglevsky who is now the principal male dancer with New York City Ballet. He is also the subject of an article by David Raher on page eleven of this issue.

BORN in Moscow in 1917, he was brought-up and educated in France. His teachers have been Maria Nevelskaya (Nice); Egorova, Kchessinska, Volinine (Paris), Legat (London), School of American Ballet (New York). He has been principal male dancer in the following companies; De Basil (1933), Ballets Woizikovsky (1935), René Blum's Ballet (1936), American Ballet (1937), Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo (1939), Ballet Theatre (1942), Ballet International (1944), Ballet Theatre (1945), Original Ballet Russe (1946), Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas (1947), New York City Ballet (1951). The outstanding roles created for him have been in Fokine's *L'Epreuve d'Amour* and *Don Juan*, in Lichine's *Helen of Troy*, and several Massine ballets. Has partnered almost every famous existing ballerina with the exception of Fonteyn.

The photograph on the back cover, by Bert Cann, is of Beryl Grey and John Field in the three-dimensional film, *The Black Swan.*

BERYL GREY was born at Muswell Hill in 1927. She studied at the Royal Academy of Dancing and also under Madeline Sharp. At the age of nine she gained a scholarship to the Sadler's Wells School, moving up to the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1941. She danced her first solo role in the following year—Sabrina in Helpmann's *Comus*. Since then she has taken over all the principal roles and to-day she is one of the principal ballerinas with the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Recently, Massine created the role of Death in *Donald of the Burthens*, especially for her.

JOHN FIELD was born in Doncaster in 1921. He studied under Shelagh Elliot-Clark and Edna Slocombe in both Liverpool and London. He made his debut, as a dancer, with the Liverpool Ballet Club. In 1941 he joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet and immediately danced the *pas de trois* and Benno in *Lac des Cygnes*, as well as many other important roles. From 1942 to 1945, he served in H.M. Forces, returning to the Wells in 1946. To-day, he dances all the principal roles in classical ballets as well as in such works as *Scenes de Ballet*, *Symphonic Variations*, and *Don Quixote*. Ashton created the role of Dorkon, in *Daphne and Chloe*, especially for him.

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June 1952 Vol. 3. No. 6

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

Assistant Editors: CLIVE BARNES, DAVID RAHER

WORLD'S LARGEST NET SALE IN THE FIELD

Fair Exchange

FONTEYN for Paris Opera—Markova for South America—Toumanova for Festival Ballet. What a pity this "all-change" policy cannot become an "all-exchange one"! Nothing gives a greater impetus to any form of art than overseas travel. Our qualities are seldom appreciated until they receive the applause of alien hands, equally do our faults become revealed when exposed to those other than doting parents, nannies, aunties, and admirers. No ballet company can be said to have matured until it has crossed the water.

It is, however, very expensive to shift a large collection of personnel and scenery, hither and thither. Cumbersome machinery has to be put into operation; yards of tape, of a scarlet hue, has to be hacked through. Theseus got through the labyrinth with greater ease. It is all quite comprehensible but it would also be possible to effect a far less elaborate exchange.

With Fonteyn at the Opera, how pleasant it would have been to have Chauviré or Vyroubova at Covent Garden! How much we should benefit by having Skibine, Golovine or Youskevitch in our midst, for a year, while Somes, Shaw and Gilpin replaced them in their various companies. Whether the foreign companies would consider they were getting a good bargain is, of course, another matter. But ballet all over the world is badly in need of new blood; a staleness is creeping over everything.

We hear so often that ballet is international, but not much is done to make it truely so. It may be a language that every audience can understand, but that language becomes remarkably insular behind the footlights. It is not possible to hear so much complaining of the use of foreign dancers as there was, for instance, only a few years ago. Certain dancers, such as Elvin and Beriosova, have made their home here and their worth is now obvious to everyone. We also have a fine collection of dancers and they should be given a chance to acquire something of the outside world without severing the ties which bind them to this country. We need be ashamed no longer of what we have to offer the world—British dancers are welcome almost everywhere.

These things are very difficult to arrange but the value of such an exchange would make itself felt for generations to come. It would also, I am certain, get ballet out of the rut which, though not as deep as some would have us imagine, is still the most dangerous obstacle to any sort of progress. The time is now ripe, so let all those who have it in their power to make it possible, give it their serious and immediate consideration.

Rounding the Flat

EDISON discovers sound—Al Jolson sings in the *Jazz Singer*—Television comes to stay. All little incidents which, at the time, seemed of no considerable importance; now, they have completely changed the face of entertainment. It is doubtful whether the first three-dimensional ballet film, at the Riverside Theatre in Festival Gardens, will change the face of ballet to such a sweeping extent, but it will cause us to revise our opinions of film ballet. Up-to-date, the marriage of the film and ballet has not been consummated; any relationship between the two has been of a fleeting nature—a hurly-burly on the chaise-lounge. The introduction of new dimensions opens-up new vistas of possibility.

The main reason for ballet's failure on the celluloid strip has been because everything seemed so flat. Apart from several light musicals of considerable excellence and the *Red Shoes* ballet, the only services that the film has rendered the art of the dance has been that of recording. It has been interesting to see a Pavlova, Spessitzeva, or Ulanova, but nobody could say that they got any *frisson* from the display, no more than you might get from handling Tagionli's shoe.

If film ballet is developed in the new dimension, with colour added, it will be the death of everything other than large major companies. Who will want to go and see Lavinia Perkinson stumbling through the second act of *Lac des Cygnes*, accompanied by an untuned piano and a squeaking violin, at the local Bijou Theatre when they can see the whole three acts at the local Odeon with Margot Fonteyn?

These developments always seem to have a "come back", but in the end the polish they put on any art is usually for the good. One thing that will certainly result is that the critical faculties of audiences will be considerably strengthened. This should put an end to so much indifference being acclaimed.

Roger Wood chooses his favourite photographs

SINCE the war, Roger Wood has achieved fame amongst British photographers on account of his ability to capture ballet in action during an actual performance.

To perfect this, it has meant many thousands of hours spent watching ballet, and many thousands of wasted photographs. It takes considerable knowledge of the art to know exactly what is going to make a good photograph, and when is the right fraction of a second to take it.

In the beginning it was necessary for him to take a good many photographs so as to get the perfect one; to-day, the wastage is very small—after he has seen a ballet once he knows exactly the moments that are going to make good pictures.

He took almost all the pictures for the book, *Katherine Dunham, her dancers, singers, and musicians*, which was edited by Richard Buckle. His recent volume, *The Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden*, showed all the dancers in that company taken against various parts of the Opera House from both sides of the curtain. His work also appears in almost every paper and magazine devoted to the dance, in every part of the world.

The photographs which appear in these pages are not necessarily the best he has ever taken. He chose them because they are ones he personally likes and because they are concerned with some peak moment in his career as a ballet photographer.

In last month's issue we showed a number of photographs chosen by Serge Lido who has made a speciality of photographing dancers against unusual backgrounds, mainly in the open air. In contrast to this, Roger Wood is at his most successful when he is working in the theatre—he has the genius of capturing the real atmosphere of the theatre.

Above. Kurt Jooss as Death in his famous ballet *The Green Table*. Wood says:

The help and encouragement given me by Kurt Jooss were definitely my reason for going into ballet photography seriously. This is one of those chance pictures, from the wings, which one can never retake satisfactorily. They so seldom happen and are so well worth waiting for.

Right. A general view of the Farewell scene from *The Green Table* by Kurt Jooss.

This was one of my first ballet pictures. It was taken during an air raid on a Leica borrowed from a friend. I tried to retake it about twenty times but never again got the line there is here. I have chosen it because it really takes me back to the beginning.

Sara Luzita in a Spanish dance. At one time she was with the Rambert Ballet but the dances of Spain had always been her speciality and now she is one of the greatest English exponents of this art.

I like the movement in this picture, the flex of the body, and the skirt pretending that it is really a flower.

Jean Babilée as the young man who hangs himself in despair in the Petit-Cocteau *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*. This ballet will always be associated with him and his wife, Nathalie Philippart.

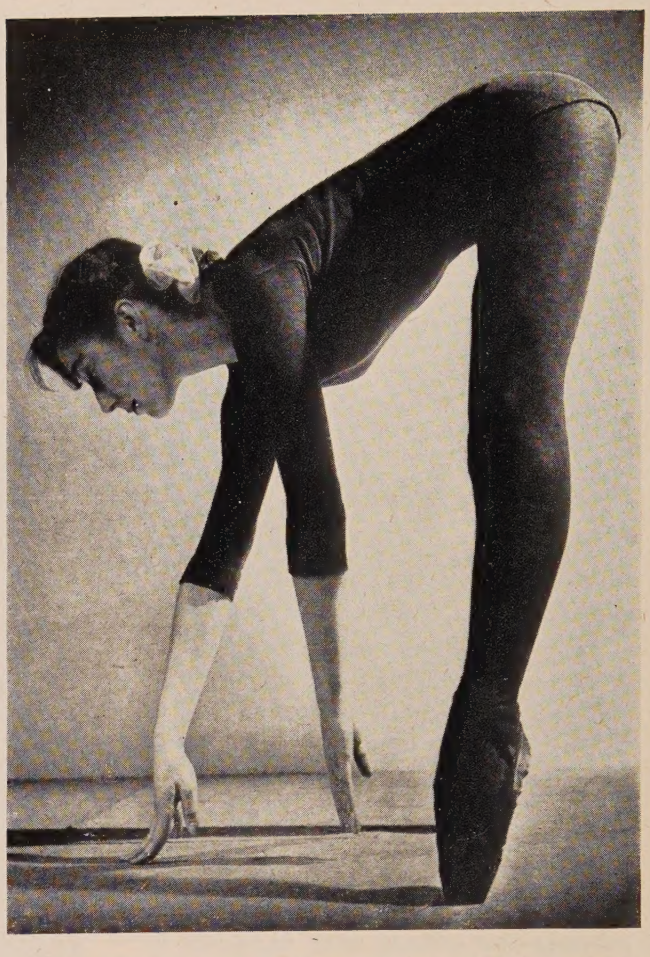
The first time I saw the ballet, this moment made me almost sick with apprehension for Jean's safety. I never ceased to get a thrill from every performance. If only he would really try, he could be unequalled in the world of dance.

Margot Fonteyn in the Spirits of the Air *pas de deux* from Purcell's masque, *The Fairy Queen*. The choreography was by Frederick Ashton and some of the movements were later incorporated in the *pas de deux*, also for Fonteyn and Somes, in his *Symphonic Variations*. This was the second time that Ashton had arranged the dances for *The Fairy Queen*. The first was as far back as 1927, and was some of his earliest work for the theatre.

Do you remember this exquisite Ashton pas de deux? *I shall always remember Fonteyn's infinite lightness. But its nice to have my photographs to remind me of its details.*

Margot Fonteyn in the second act of *Lac des Cygnes* at Covent Garden.

This is my favourite photograph of my favourite dancer in my own favourite role for her. If I had to see one ballet for the rest of my life, I would choose this ballet, this dancer, and this act.

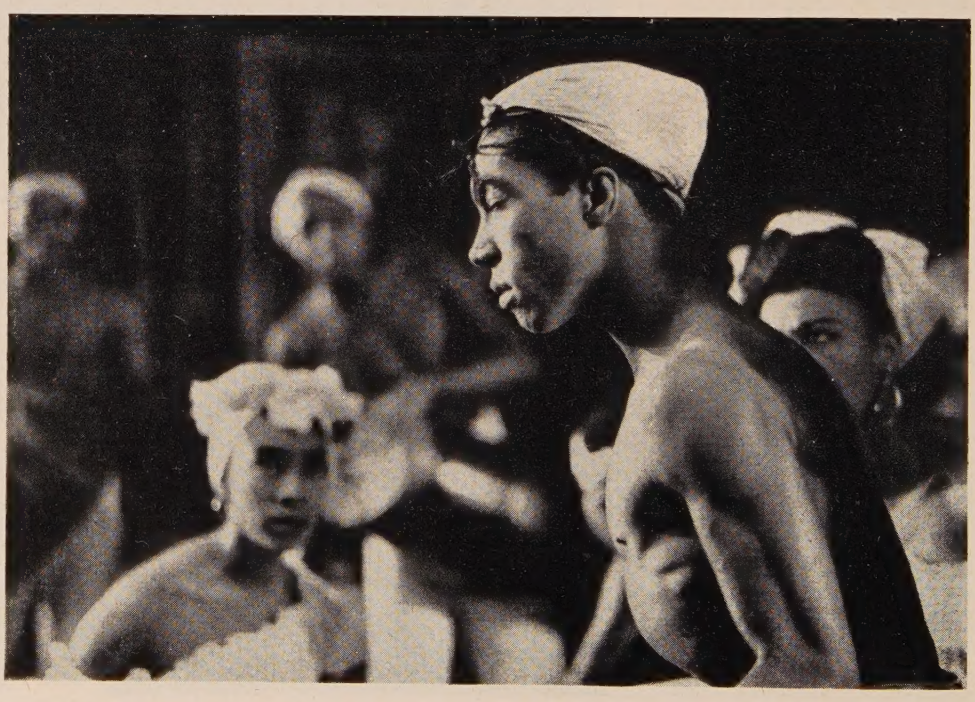


Gillian Lynne, who used to be a principal soloist with the Sadler's Wells Ballet and is now the ballerina in the Pauline Grant Ballets at the Palladium, where both she and they are having such a success.

I choose this photograph because its fun.

Tommy Gomez as the boy who becomes possessed by a snake in *Shango*. This was one of the most successful numbers in Katherine Dunham's *Caribbean Rhapsody* when the company first came to the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1948. During the recent season at the Cambridge Theatre, this number was found to have retained its impact though unfortunately Gomez was no longer with the company.

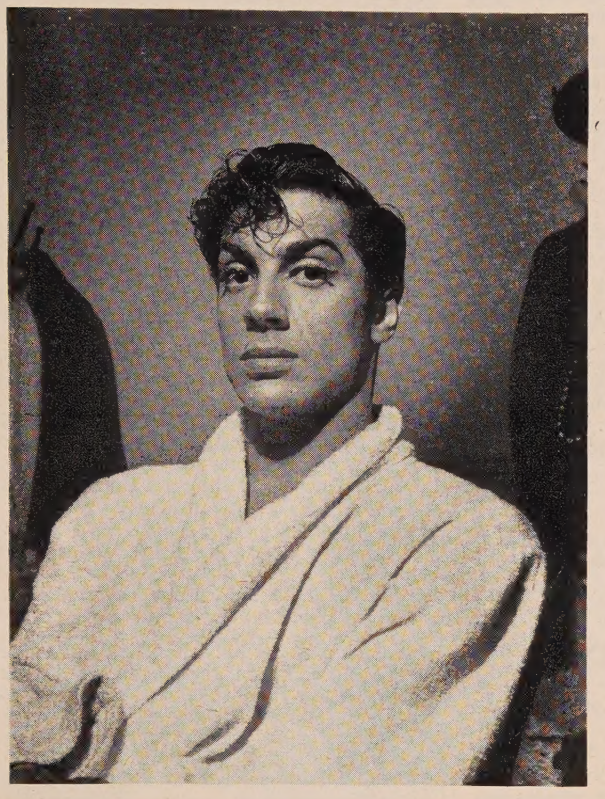
This photograph reminds me of the excitement of making a book on the Dunham company. What a wonderful company they were to work with! It reminds me of the fascinating Tommy Gomez, and of seeing performances of ballet which the English public never saw; of many parties, and of meeting them again in Paris. And always friendliness.



Yvette Chauviré in *La Mort du Cygne*. This is the *pas de deux* with choreography by Serge Lifar which was originally danced by Mia Slavenska in the pre-war French film of the same name. To-day this particular version, of the swan mortally wounded by a hunter, is always associated with Chauviré.

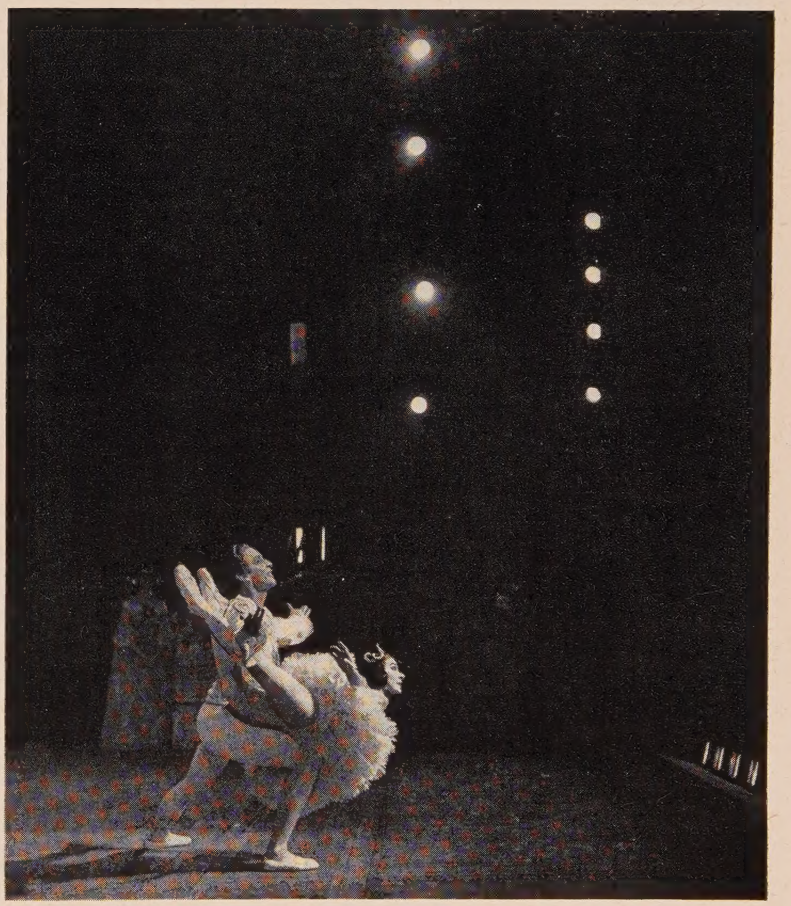
Wood says :

I choose this merely because it is a pretty photograph. I remember Chauviré arriving for the sitting and telling my staff to press her tutus. I remember her husband suggesting we had lunch so as to fill in the intervening time, and then producing bottles of very good French red wine. I remember an uproarious luncheon at the most sedate café across the road. Of the sitting I can remember nothing, except for having to lie on the floor to take this one. Oddly enough all the pictures were good!



The great Spanish dancer, Antonio, taken in his dressing room.

I hate doing portraits, so when I know that I have succeeded it is quite an event for me. This picture has an endless series of associations. I took it the first time I met him in Scheveningen in Holland. It reminds me of the excitement of that evening; of the fun of the whole trip with the de Cuevas company; of seeing him again in London; of his last night ovation in Barcelona; of Spain, bullfights, sunshine, of—but this could go on for ever!



Fonteyn and Helpmann in the final fish-dive in the *grand pas de deux* from the last act of *The Sleeping Beauty* at Covent Garden.

This gives me back something of the excitement of being really close to great dancers during a great performance. Also because I think the photograph has much of the real atmosphere of the theatre.

Music
by EVAN SENIOR

A new heart for ballet music

There was a time, during the last few years, when music was the Cinderella of ballet. But, all this has changed in recent months, and composers are now being given a chance to show what they can contribute to this sphere. I am not at all sure that they have taken full advantage of it.

MUSIC, of course, does not depend on ballet. It is an art in itself, and of immeasurably greater scope than ballet. But when it comes to associate itself with other arts in a composite, it must adapt itself to the end in view. In other words, it must learn the manners and behaviour of its flat-mates. If it does, the association can be happy ; if it insists on going its own way regardless, there must in the nature of things be ructions.

In the last twenty years or so music has taken a line of its own. Perhaps as a reaction from older ideas which persisted until well after the first world war, it has been in these latter years more concerned with ideas than with emotions. I am not going to take sides in that argument, because I do not believe that there are sides to take : both are legitimate realms of music, and each has its proper place. The important thing, for composers, is to decide just where and when the heart or the head should take primary place.

Ballet is essentially an art of emotions, for it is an art of the theatre and the essence of the theatre is the playing on emotions, the more simply the better. We do not go into a theatre to be presented with cerebral problems to be worked out in our own minds during the performance. This is an indirect approach to our emotions, and by the time the sight and sound get there, the effect may have been lost.

Composers, to-day, seem to have adopted the peculiar creed that it is a sin to create a melody that we can remember well enough to whistle as we walk out of the theatre or the concert hall. If they did nothing else the monotony of it might well pall ; but in these days the pendulum appears to have swung to an opposite and equally monotonous extreme.

But of all the spheres of music where melody has a place, ballet is perhaps the most important. Which are the ballets that have survived in the repertoire longer than any others ? We are still enjoying the scores of *Giselle* and the Tschaikowsky ballets. I often wonder how many people in, say, fifty years' time will be listening with delight to our ballet scores of to-day, however apt they may be for their present purposes. And, in the year two thousand, will audiences who have never seen a ballet still be wanting to hear in a concert hall the music of ——— but the task of filling in the names, as Gilbert says, I'd rather leave to you.

The younger ballet composers of to-day are accomplished musicians. They are writing, in some cases, very good music. They obviously know their jobs. But they are writing from their heads, not from their hearts. And if you do that, you may compel admiration, but you will never win affection.

The waltzes, muzurkas and the magnificently simple adagios and bravura music of Tschaikowsky, the lilting tunes of Adolphe Adam and the spirited melodies of Delibes—these are the life-blood of ballet in the grand tradition. I am not suggesting that they should be copied by composers of to-day. or even imitated. But what we want from composers is the state of mind which caused these things to be written in the idiom of their own day.

Music of this type came from the heart, and because it did, it still inspires dancers to give of their best, to feel what they are expressing in their dancing, and to convey this feeling to their audiences. And to-day, decades later, it sends people out of the theatre with those melodies still haunting their ears and their minds, recalling the completeness of the ballet itself as nothing else can, no matter how superb the dancing or how effective the setting. It is always the music, when it is music of this type, which is best remembered.

Could we not have a few more " tunes "—not a cloying mass of them, not a Straussian jumble of three-four tempo—but just a few now and then, something that we could remember as easily, perhaps, as the insistent waltz from *The Haunted Ballroom*, to name a comparatively modern instance ? Or, to go further back, a twentieth century equivalent (*not* copy) of the *Coppelia* mazurka or the *pas-de-deux* from *Casse-Noisette* or the second-act adagio from *Giselle* ?

Ballet does not need profound philosophy expressed in music, or complicated musical constructions which may be brilliantly clever as music which dances of itself. music which makes dancers want to dance and makes the hearts of the audience dance too.

And there lies the clue—a little less head, please, composers. And a little more heart.

Left: Pauline Clayden as Chloe in Frederick Ashton's Daphnis and Chloe *for The Sadler's Wells Ballet* *Photo : Roger Wood.*

Personality of the month

PAULINE CLAYDEN

Reason : For at last stepping out into the lime-light.

SHE has attempted suicide in the Gorbals, she has been boiled alive in Kensington, she has been almost as many animals and birds as are to be found in Whipsnade, she is Pauline Clayden and she made her debut dancing with the Covent Garden Opera company in 1939.

She first studied with Grace Cone, later under Antony Tudor. Joining Tudor's London Ballet she remained with this organisation when it almalgamated with the Ballet Rambert. It was here that she first became one of our feathered friends, creating the role of the Bird in Frank Staff's ballet, *Peter and the Wolf*. In 1942 she joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

During her ten years with the company she has danced an impressive list of principal roles, from the Poodle in *La Boutique Fantasque* to the Betrayed Girl in *The Rake's Progress*. Frequently she has inherited roles from Fonteyn ; Una in *The Quest*, the Flower Girl in *Nocturne*, Ophelia in *Hamlet*, the Leading Child of Light in *Dante Sonata*, Chloe in *Daphnis and Chloe*.

Her tally of creations is hardly less remarkable, including not only the Suicide in *Miracle in the Gorbals* and the eligible and edible young lady in *Bonne-Bouche*, but also smaller parts like the Cat in *Adam Zero*, the Negress in *Mam'zelle Angot*, one of the Snakes in *Tiresias*, and Fairy Autumn in *Cinderella*.

Better known perhaps as a character artist her achievements as a classical dancer have been far from negligible. She has danced at Covent Garden the Waltz and Mazurka in *Les Sylphides*, the Blue-bird, Odette (to Avril Navarre's Odile), and in *Symphonic Variations*.

In view of her immense achievements (she has probably danced as many leading roles as almost anyone in the company) it came as something of a shock to read recently of her as though she were a new discovery. The ordinary ballet-goer discovered her wistful charm, her sense of humour and her skilful characterisations, some moons ago. However, to those people who only attend ballet on first nights, her performance in *Bonne-Bouche* possibly came as something of a surprise.

But to the rest of us? well, it was merely another portrayal to place beside the poignantly affecting Flower Girl (a role in which some think she even surpasses Fonteyn), the elfin-mad Ophelia, the crazily excited skirt-clutching Negress, the pathetic Suicide, and the wind-swept Fairy Autumn. However we are glad to see Clayden getting her due, perhaps overdue, reward of public attention . . . lime-light suits her.

HILARION

EGLEVSKY

paragon of pirouettes

by
DAVID
RAHER

There has lately been a tendency to dismiss Eglevsky's great gifts as a dancer as extraordinary pyrotechnics rarely penetrating the sacrosanct realm of "ballet art".

Right: Andre Eglevsky in a grand jêté which he always performs with such grace and apparent ease

Photo: Maurice Seymour

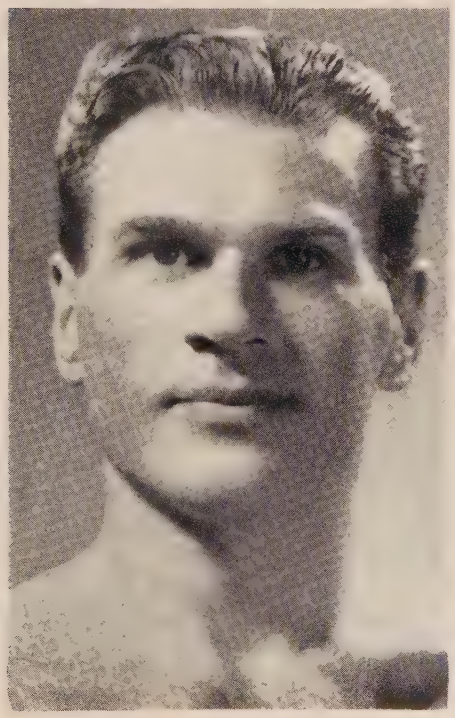
Below: A portrait by Walter Owen

THAT he is not entirely bound on four sides by *pirouettes*, *entrechats*, *grand jêtés* and *double tours en l'air* has been proved by his performance of the great classic role of Albrecht in *Giselle*. Edwin Denby, former ballet critic on the *New York Herald Tribune* has written of it: "The way Eglevsky sustained an atmosphere of remoteness in his second act solos showed that these passages can heighten the mystery of the second act and need not smash it in pieces as Dolin does each time he gets set for a solo. Eglevsky's Albrecht is something for ballet lovers to see." (*N.Y. Herald Tribune*, October 24, 1945—Ballet Theatre Season).

But whether or not Eglevsky emerges one day as a great dramatic dancer matters little; for to-day, at thirty-five, his is the enviable reputation of being the greatest living classic virtuoso in ballet. And that is quite an achievement for any male dancer.

The story of his escape from Russia at the age of two is not a novel one for it has appeared with almost monotonous regularity in the biographies of other great Russian dancers—But the sequence of events that followed, leading him into paths strewn with great teachers and brilliant choreographers, have a rare, magical quality of their own.

A weak lung was the diabolical reason chosen by fate to place him, barely in his teens, in the ballet school of Maria Nevelskaya in Nice. At twelve he auditioned for Fokine. The impression he made was considerable and Fokine, sensing the boy's need for careful guidance offered to adopt him. But as Eglevsky was already equipped with parents he declined the offer and remained in Paris to study with Egorova. A good choice for it was she who taught him to move lyrically.



It was also the studio in which Massine discovered him and engaged him for the first season of the de Basil Ballets Russe at the Alhambra. That was the summer of 1931, when he was fourteen. It marked the beginning of his unbroken record as a soloist. For with the exception of doing corps de ballet work in *Beau Danube* and *Beach* he also danced solo parts in *Présages*, *Scuola di Ballo*, *Choreatium* and the role of the Irish Surveyor in *Union Pacific*.

It was with the Ballets Epstein in 1933, touring Italy and Africa, that he emerged as a *premier danseur*. Back in Paris there followed a period of study with Kschessinskaya. Then he joined Woizikowski's company.

It was in 1936 that he recrossed paths with Fokine in the Rene Blum company. Fokine personally coached him in *Prince Igor*, *Spectre de la Rose*, *Sylphides* and in the part of the Moor in *Petrouchka*. He created the role of The Lover in Fokine's new ballet *L'Epreuve d'Amour* which was made for the London season that same year. Much of his free time was spent studying with the great teacher, Nicholas Legat.

Eglevsky had now arrived!

Leading dancer non-stop

From the year 1937, when he came to America, until the present time Eglevsky has worked consistently with only short breaks for holidays. One of his first engagements was at the Radio City Music Hall where he danced the *Black Swan pas de deux* four times daily. He was a great success, but even a tempting increase in salary (he was getting $1500. per week) could not persuade him to remain longer than the three weeks he was engaged for. The routine was too gruelling.

He has since been a leading dancer with every important ballet company in the United States; beginning with the American Ballet in 1937 to the present New York City Ballet.

Few emigré dancers, to America, have approached the subject of their adopted country with Eglevsky's enthusiasm. With his wife, Leda, a former dancer, and his three children (Andre 9, Paul 5 and Elaine 3) he lives quietly in Massapequa, a suburb about thirty miles from New York City. Hardly anti-social, he deliberately avoids an excessive social programme in order to devote more time to his home and family. In his spare time, aided by instructions from the local timber dealer, Eglevsky built his own two car garage inside of three months. Another source of great pride is his basement workshop which is equipped with a collection of expensive tools whose aggregate origins sound like a roll call of the United Nations.

In the theatre Eglevsky is friendly and is known to be generous with advice and help to fledgling dancers who come to him. Occasionally his interest in a serious young dancer has lead him to appropriate his own role in a ballet, for a performance, so that the young man could gain by the experience. He tries not to forget his own early struggle.

Punctuality, placidity and pants

Typical of his strictly professional attitude towards the theatre is the fact that Eglevsky normally shows up two or three hours before curtain time. The first hour is devoted to warming up; the remaining time to make-up and a careful checking of every item of costume to be worn that evening. He rarely resorts to outbursts of temperament. Murray Laufman, Eglevsky's manager for the past fifteen years reminisces with irrepressible pride of an evening when he visited Eglevsky's dressing room and found the dancer holding up a pair of black silk tights given him for that evening's performance of the *Black Swan pas de deux*. Held against the light they revealed five or six sizeable holes. Without a word Eglevsky calmly sat down at his dressing table and skilfully darned each offending hole. Similar attention is applied to wigs and shoes with the result that he has never lost a shoe during performance nor have his wigs ever come awry; both are carefully glued on.

Always eager to dance new roles that are a departure from the classics, for which he is inevitably always cast, he was delighted with the new role that Balanchine created for him in *A La Francaix* a couple of seasons ago at the New York City Center. A whimsical ballet about a tennis player who falls for a sylph when she unaccountably drifts on to the scene. Eglevsky, formidable technique intact, wearing a pert moustache revealed an agreeable sense of comedy. What's more, he was for a change, wearing pants!

What is Character Dancing?

by

ELIZABETH MOORE

Yes, what *is* character dancing? The younger generation of ballet-goers and students may well ask—come to that so may young British dancers! It is a regrettable fact that good character dancers (particularly the female of the species) are sadly lacking today. Is it lack of the right teachers? Is it lack of interest on the part of students and dancers? Or are there too few ballets containing character dances to warrant students being properly trained in this branch of the art?

The importance of at least a few expert character dancers in every company cannot be sufficiently stressed, and the *corps de ballet* should at least know how to set about presenting dances of this nature, particularly when rehearsals are limited.

WHILE the full versions of *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Coppelia* and *The Sleeping Princess* remain in the repertory of a company, dancers cannot complain of the lack of opportunity for character dancing. *Coppelia* in particular contains two of the most exciting dances ever invented for a *corps de ballet*, namely the mazurka and czardas, both of which occur in the first act. This ballet is in the repertory of three of the foremost British companies, and it is a disturbing thought that, although they have on infrequent occasions given adequate performances, none of the three can claim that the majority of their performances are as exciting as they could and should be.

Czardas and Mazurka

LET us take the czardas first. The key to a successful performance lies in the rhythm. Dancers lacking a strong sense of rhythm cannot hope to dance a czardas, as the sudden changes of *tempi* (from slow to quick) have to be as sure and relentless as a hammer-beat. In this particular czardas the movements are marked in the score as follows: *Moderato* (*largement et tres marque*) *Allegretto; Plus anime* and *Presto*.

It will thus be seen that there are four different *tempi*, each one quicker than the last; and while I realise that to get a dozen or so dancers to increase their speed by the same amount at the same moment takes some doing, I see no reason why it should not be done. Surely this is what rehearsals are for.

As far as the actual steps are concerned these could be improved. The main fault seems to be that dancers are much too light. The girls particularly are so used to being sylphides, swans, etc., that when they are asked to dance a movement with more "body" they are completely at a loss as to how to set about it. The only concessions they make are a few loud stamps—the louder the better. There is also a slight tendency to soften the arms; this spoils the general line of a dancer—elbows must never sink down, particularly when held behind the head.

I should mention at this point that there is a general misconception on the part of some dancers that it is necessary to crack down on to one knee with a mighty thump, this apparently denoting verve and vigour. This could not be further from the truth. Anyone with an atom of sense will realise that not only is it unnecessary but extremely dangerous as it causes fluid on the knee. The whole point of attending character classes is to strengthen the knees and thigh muscles so that when very energetic steps are performed the muscles are strong enough to prevent this sudden "cracking down".

NEXT the mazurka. Again rhythm is the chief difficulty. A mazurka is *always* in triple time. (I was once asked to arrange a mazurka and was handed a piece of music written in 4/4.) According to most English dancers and Mr. Eric Blom "there is a tendency to accentuate the second beat". Mr. Blom does not say whether this tendency is right or wrong, but if Polish and Russian-born dancers say it is wrong—and they do—then I will take their part; they should know!

In the mazurka step the accent is as follows: *one*, two and *three* and *one* two, etc. (I do realise that some mazurkas were not written for dancing.) When doing a galuptzi, however, the accent may occur on any of the three beats. Incidentally galuptzi are danced from side to side, forward and back and turning (*en dédans* and *en dénors* and on *relaxed knees*.)

Not just a fill-in

THE choreography for the various character dances in the third act of *Le Lac des Cygnes* is very good; it has been said that this act would lose all interest if deprived of the mazurka, danse napolitaine and danse hongroise (and of course the 32 *fouettés*!) In most companies they are given with rather an apologetic air, as a sort of *entr'acte* while the ballerina is resting. It should be remembered that Marius Petipa invariably included character dances in his ballets to show off this facet of the Imperial Russian dancer's art, just as he included the classical *pas seul* and *pas de deux* (Odile, Sugar Plum Fairy and Aurora) to show off the prima ballerina.

The Polonaise, in the last act of *The Sleeping Princess* is usually danced as if it were merely a means of bringing everyone on to the stage. The men never appear interested in their partners, and far from "presenting" them to the audience, they drag the girls round the stage after them, completely forgetting that as their partners are on the outside, they must pause very slightly at the corners of the stage to allow the girls time to turn. I have seen some girls brought on at such an undignified pace! And when will men learn that they do not have to look snooty in order to look noble.

Mistaken attitude

THERE is a most unfortunate tendency for dancers these days to ignore completely this side of their training. There are some girls who do not consider that they are dancing unless they are on *pointe* and performing their multiple *fouettés* and miracles of *équilibre*. The same applies to men who are only happy when doing *entrechats*, double *cabrioles* and *tours en l'air*. If only they realised how mistaken they are. Character dancing is just as technically exacting as classical dancing—in fact more so in view of the extra strength required in the thighs and knees.

Most men doing prisiadka, for example, go only into *demi-plié* before shooting the legs out to second or fourth position, thus completely distorting the step and robbing it of its essentially virile quality. They must remember, too, that there are such things as character *cabrioles* (which have, or should have, an entirely different quality to their classical counterparts, the soles of the feet touching and knees bent) and character turns which should be twice as swift and numerous as *pirouettes*—and please note no turned out knees and thighs.

In Russia dancers receive regular character classes which are just as important, in their view, as the classical classes. (This explains why most Russian trained dancers are physically and technically stronger than other breeds.) They are, in consequence, equally at home in character and classical dancing. I have heard it said that only foreign dancers (presumably meaning Polish and Russian) have the necessary vitality and temperament. This could not be further from the truth. Lydia Sokolova, an English girl by birth, achieved the distinction of being Diaghilev's best character dancer—a fact worthy of consideration when one thinks of the competition there must have been. The secret of character dancing lies not in national temperament so much as the attitude of dancers towards their art. All foreign-trained dancers not only know how to do these various dances correctly, but thoroughly enjoy doing them. That is the root of the matter and it is here that our dancers fail. Not only are most of the *corps de ballet* bored to tears, but worse, they seem to consider it an insult to be asked to perform these dances. It always seems that such dances as the Farandole from *The Sleeping Princess* are relegated to the newest and most inexperienced members of the *corps de ballet*. One would think such dances (and particularly those from *Coppelia*) would give a *corps de ballet* the opportunity of enjoying themselves as a change from merely decorating the stage.

Never beneath contempt

MOST schools of dancing advertise "character" or "national" classes in their courses, but this statement should be looked upon with a certain amount of suspicion by the student anxious to learn a country's authentic dances. There are a few schools where national classes consist merely of the sailor's hornpipe, a quite inaccurate version of the Irish jig and the Highland fling. I must hasten to add that I think these dances should be taught in schools, but the authentic versions. There are, however, a few schools and teachers who are only too pleased to correct the faults and misunderstandings obtained elsewhere.

Once a student has chosen his teacher, he should set to work to study not only this completely different type of movement, but the subtle variations in speed, rhythm and quality of steps which, at first glance, seem to be similar.

Finally, if you are a student attending a school where character classes—authentic ones—are given, for heaven's sake go and learn what is being taught. Do not treat the whole subject as beneath your contempt. There is nothing more annoying than a young boy or girl giving him or herself airs and graces, of the "I'm a *classical* dancer" variety. One usually finds they are not much good at that either. If a teacher is a good one, the student should enjoy character classes as much as classical classes, and if, after a short while he finds his classical work has improved as well, his trouble will be well rewarded.

THE BLACK SWAN

This first three-dimensional ballet film has been produced by Anglo Scottish Pictures Ltd. and Stereo Techniques Ltd., in association with Film Centre Ltd. Director, Leonard Reeve. Cameraman, Bernard Davies. Film version, by Peter Brinson, of the third act *pas de deux* from *Lac des Cygnes*. Music by Tchaikovsky. Choreography by Petipa. Settings and costumes by Kenneth Rowell. First shown in England at the Riverside Theatre, Festival Gardens, on May 24, 1952.

CAST

Odile-Odette	Beryl Grey
Prince Siegfried	John Field
Von Rothbart	David Paltenghi
Benno	Peter Brinson

THE story has been adapted from an incident in the third act of *Lac des Cygnes*.

Benno, friend of Prince Siegfried, wandering through a ballroom, destroyed in a storm, finds the feather which reminds him of the fatal night when Siegfried danced with Odile. (photo, top left)

He remembers when two strangers appeared at the ball—a black swan princess (who Siegfried is duped into thinking is his beloved Odette), and a magician, Von Rothbart. Siegfried and the bogus princess, who is Odile, dance. During their dance, Odile runs to her father, Von Rothbart, to consult him. (photo, left centre)

At the end of the dance, Siegfried asks Odile to marry him still under the impression that she is Odette. (photo, on back cover)

Von Rothbart comes forward to lead his daughter away (photo, bottom left) and a storm springs up and destroys the palace.

Siegfried, realising that he has been tricked, pleads the forgiveness of the real Odette who appears through the ruined window (photo, below). She tells him that she is bound to die, then disappears. He follows determined to share her fate.

All photos: Bert Cann

VISION OF MARGUERITE

Ballet in one act. Choreography by Frederick Ashton. Music, Liszt. Decor and costumes, James Bailey. First given by Festival Ballet at the Stoll Theatre, London, on April 3, 1952.

CAST

Marguerite	Belinda Wright
Her Maid	Wendy West
Faust	John Gilpin
Mephisto	Oleg Briansky

MEPHISTO, leading Faust through the revels of the night, entices him with a vision of Marguerite. He casts a spell and unites the lovers. But when day breaks, Mephisto forces Faust to abandon the betrayed Marguerite.

SINCE Kit Marlow's *Doctor Faustus* was first produced in 1588, the subject of a man who sells himself to the devil has been a popular one in all branches of the theatre. Goethe elaborated on the theme which was made into an equally elaborate oratorio by Berlioz. Gounod's operatic version was the essence of Gothic romanticism.

Ashton, perfectly interpreting the mood of Liszt's music, also makes his ballet highly romantic. Faust and Marguerite are young and beautiful; the horned Mephistopheles is the epitome of every villain in Victorian melodrama.

James Bailey's setting is like a Bavarian souvenir in sepia and is as lavish as a movie dream-sequence—somehow it seems completely right. But all should be lit with more sensitivity. The costumes are beautiful in a florid operatic way.

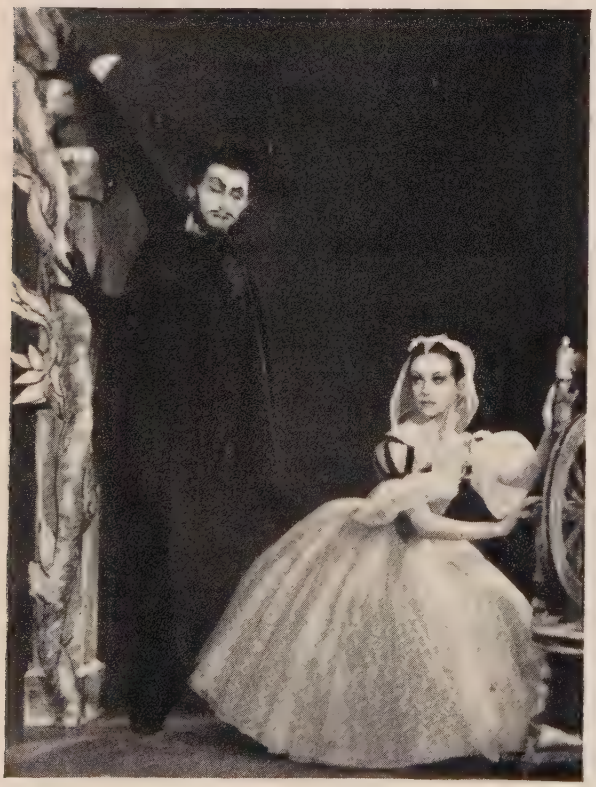
How well constructed is the choreography of this miniature work! *Soli*, *pas de deux*, and *pas de trois* follow each other with such a masterly flow that it is almost impossible to realise the jig-saw construction. Not one movement is superfluous, not one bar of music is wasted. At the end, there is none of the feeling that it has only lasted thirteen minutes, it has seemed like a complete and satisfying full-length ballet.

To Belinda Wright fell the difficult task of creating a role especially built for Markova. I saw one rehearsal with Markova and that was incomplete because Briansky was lost in a plane somewhere between Brussels and London. At the time, I felt I had never seen a role so suitable for Markova and not for many years had I seen her dance anything with such obvious relish. Nothing will obliterate the memory of her, and yet I did not find that Wright was, in any way, misplaced. She was so completely the young girl in her last moments of innocence, slightly bewildered in the presence of love; her awakening and disillusionment were very real emotions. Both she and Gilpin danced with such brilliant co-ordination that it almost appeared as though they were controlled by some diabolic hand. Briansky was perfectly cast as Mephisto—his height, saturnine features and incredible verve made him into everybody's devil.

Festival Ballet has a valuable addition to its repertoire and if they would only have works from Howard and Cranko it would start to become representative of the best that Britain has to offer.

P. W.

James Bailey's setting showing Marguerite's house (left) and the garden *Photo: Roy Round*



Mephisto (Oleg Briansky) appears to Marguerite (Belinda Wright)

Marguerite and Faust (John Gilpin) are united *Photos: Gordon Anthony*

The Sultanas bribe the Chief Eunuch (Nicholas Beriosoff) to open the gates which will release the negro slaves

Right: Zobeide (Sonia Arova) in the arms of the Gold Slave (Vasselie Trunoff)
Photos: Paul Wilson

SCHEHERAZADE

Oriental ballet in one act with choreography by Michel Fokine given at the Theatre National de L'Opera, Paris, on June 4, 1910. Recently revived in London at the Stoll Theatre, by Festival Ballet, on March 19, 1952. Music by Rimsky-Korsakov. Decor and Costumes after Leon Bakst. Work reproduced by Nicholas Beriosoff.

CAST

Zobeide	Sonia Arova
The Gold Negro ..	Vassilie Trunoff
Shah Sharyar	Peter White
Shah Zeman	Tony Fletcher
The Chief Eunuch ..	Nicholas Beriosoff
Odalisques ..	Anita Landa, Daphne Dale, Pamela Hart
Sultanas ..	Janet Overton, Sally Bradley, Wendy West, June Hamilton, Jennifer Andree, Christina Martin
Almees ..	Noel Rossana, Audrey Harman, Joan Potter, Judith Williams, Shelagh Franklyn, Monica Leigh
Little Boys ..	Louis Godfrey, Keith Beckett, Graeme Anderson, Wolfgang Brunner, Ivan Dragadze, Walter Burgess
Tambourine Dancers:	Rosalie Vernon, Dianne Richards, June Greenhalgh, Paula Gareya, Isobel Wesley, Suzanne Sarova
Negroes ..	Peter Darrell, Geoffrey Webb, Petrus Bosman, Jon Waks, Kenneth Sudell, Geoffrey Davidson

THE curtain rises on the Palace of Sharyar, King of India and China. Sharyar's brother, Shah Zeman, tells of his suspicions about the infidelity of his wives and especially of his favourite, Zobeide. Sharyar does not believe this tale but so as to test his wives they both pretend to leave for a hunting expedition. As soon as they have gone, the wives bribe the Chief Eunuch to open the gates leading to the quarters of the negro slaves. Immediately the doors are opened the slaves enter and each takes a Sultana. Zobeide enters last and forces the Eunuch, much against his will, to open the last door from which darts the negro Gold Slave. An orgy follows with food, wine, and passionate dances. When it is at its height, the Shah appears and calls on his warriors and guards who slaughter everyone except Zobeide. Sharyar is deeply in love with her and is about to pardon her but his brother reminds him of the Gold Slave, her lover, who lies dead on the ground. In a fury, Sharyar throws her to his guards to be killed, but she snatches a dagger and stabs herself. Sharyar turns his head away in sorrow as the curtain falls.

WHEN first produced, this work based on the first tale in the *Thousand and One Nights*, caused a furore. Such voluptuousness had seldom been seen on the stage and although the work lost certain impact it still retained its magic up to Diaghilev's death in 1929. Revived by the de Basil and Blum companies during the 'thirties it had little to offer except during a short season at the Alhambra Theatre in 1936, when Fokine himself supervised the production for the Rene Blum company.

To-day, Nicholas Beriosoff has most faithfully revived the work and he himself gives a brilliant performance of the waddling stupid old Eunuch. Unfortunately, this type of narrative ballet no longer holds its power —it no longer shocks, the colours are not exotic, the choreographic mechanism is all too obvious. It flickers to its melodramatic climax like an early Cecil B. de Mille movie. Trunoff twirls and tumbles with great agility as the Gold Slave. Both Arova and Krassovska panted with passion on the Batik cushions most effectively, but the passion was of yesteryear. Contemporary love-making is more psychological, more inhibited. We are to blame, not the ballet.

P. W.

The warriors and guards of Sharyar pour in and slaughter the wives and their lovers because of their infidelity. Krassovska as Zobeide is seen on the staircase left *Photo: Paul Wilson*

curtain up!

Compiled by Jeffrey Solomons

Fauns in Bow Street

IT is certainly good news that *Sylvia* is to be revived at Covent Garden in the autumn. The company are in need of another "Opera House" ballet and *Sylvia* will make full use of the resources of the great theatre.

The original production which took place at the Paris Opera, in June 1876, contained many supernatural happenings including one in which a grotto full of slaves and bacchantes disappeared into the ground; and another in which a vision of Diana visiting the sleeping Endymion appeared. But it is for the music by Léo Delibes that the ballet is most important. It was the first score to show any coherence in the symphonic manner as opposed to the tinkling waltzes and marches of earlier ballets.

Sylvia has never before been performed in its entirety in England, although a one-act version was produced at the Empire Theatre in 1911 with Lydia Kyasht and Phyllis Bedells in leading roles. The new production will have choreography by Frederick Ashton and designs by Robin Ironside, who designed the current production of *Der Rosenkavalier*.

Transatlantic strength

WHEN New York City Ballet come to the Royal Opera House in July, they will bring the strongest and most varied company to visit London since before the war. As well as those great actor-dancers, Nora Kaye Hugh Laing, and Francisco Moncion; superb technicians such as Maria Tallchief, Tanaquil LeClerq, Patricia Wilde and André Eglevsky they will also have such delightfully unclassifiable dancers as Janet Reed, Melissa Hayden and Diana Adams together with Herbert Bliss and Nicholas Magallanes to strengthen the male roster. When they were here two years ago, the company created a furore of debate over their controversial productions which, I am certain, will be intensified now that the company has gained so much in maturity and have acquired a so much more varied repertoire.

Why is Frederick Ashton's *Picnic at Tintagel* (recently premiered in New York) not to be shown to London? It seems that only Edinburgh is to have the pleasure of seeing it. This has caused a great deal of dissatisfaction amongst the London audiences who feel that, after all, Ashton is the first great English choreographer and they were, to some extent, responsible for him reaching the exalted position he now holds.

Maureen Bruce and Donald Britton of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. They have recently become engaged to be married. This will make the third husband and wife in the company. The others are Elaine Fifield and John Lanchbery, and Stella Farrence and Stanley Holden
Photo: Maurice Seymour

One of the first photographs of René Jeanmaire in her first film. The dancer is seen here with Danny Kaye in Hans Christian Andersen. *Kaye, in the title role, delivers ballet slippers to Jeanmaire. In spite of the protests of the Danish Foreign Office, the film will be seen in November of this year.*
Photo: Associated Press

Soviet bar work

I WAS astonished to hear Lady Kelly remark in her broadcast on the Soviet Ballet, in the Third Programme, that Soviet dancers only use the *barre* for their hands. It conjured-up a wonderful mental picture of these poor creatures standing on their heads with their feet against the *barre*, waving their hands around in *port de bras* exercises.

Back from Antipodes

WELCOME home to Joyce Graeme and Rex Reid. These two ex-Rambert dancers were amongst those who stayed behind when Ballet Rambert left Australia in 1948. In Australia they helped to form the National Ballet for which they mounted many works. Amongst these was Rex Reid's *Corroboree*, to music by John Antill, on an aboriginal theme.

It will be remembered that there was much talk, some years back, of this work being produced for Sadler's Wells Ballet by Robert Helpmann. One of the reasons for it being shelved here was because Katherine Dunham was on her first visit to England. It was thought that our own dancers in black body make-up would look rather absurd when compared to the real thing which was then having such a fantastic success in Dunham's company at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

Now it is rumoured that Rex Reid may revive the ballet for Anton Dolin's company. If these two dancers become connected with Festival Ballet it is to be hoped that Joyce Graeme will be given the opportunity of again dancing the Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle*, which used to be so electrifying in the Rambert version.

Bird of fire again?

FESTIVAL Ballet should revive Fokine's *Firebird*. They revive Fokine ballets better than any other company and it is one of the few works from the Diaghilev repertoire that have stood up to time. It could be given a first-rate cast with Sonia Arova who would be enchanting in the title role. How beautiful a Princess, Natalie Krassovska would be!

There are four men who would be equally good as the Prince. Not to mention the *corps de ballet* who have shown themselves to excel in ballets of this kind.

happy birthday to...

		June
Joy Carter	Formerly Empire Ballet	12
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Sonia Arova	Festival Ballet	20
Terry Miele	de Cuevas Grand Ballet	20
Pauline White	Formerly Empire Ballet	20
Geoffrey Bowes	Continental Ballet	23
Edwina Fontaine	New York City Ballet	24
Celia Franca	Director, Canadian National Ballet	25
Hermione Herrey	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	25
Brian Shaw	Sadler's Wells Ballet	28
John Marshall	Formerly Empire Ballet	30
Michel Reznikoff	de Cuevas Grand Ballet	30
Valerie Taylor	Sadler's Wells Ballet	30
		July
Leslie Caron	M.G.M. Films	1
Tomi Wortham	New York City Ballet	1
William Barrett	Sadler's Wells Ballet	2
John Hart	Sadler's Wells Ballet	4
Igor Schwezoff	Guest Teacher, School of Russian Ballet	4
Mary Forbes	Continental Ballet	6
Francisco Moncion	New York City Ballet	6
Helene Constantine	Formerly Champs Elysées Ballet	8
Vida Brown	New York City Ballet	9
Frank Hobi	New York City Ballet	12

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, 12 Phipps Mews, Eccleston Place, London, S.W.1. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post early.

It is a pity that the only version now to be seen is that truncated one which Balanchine had concocted for New York City Ballet which merely acts as a trailer to the original work.

Farewell and Hail

IT is with great concern that I learn that Peter Darrell is giving up dancing. He is one of those all too rare people who are able to make solid and sympathetic characters out of the most unpromising material.

A pupil of the Sadler's Wells School, he first appeared with the Theatre Ballet in such roles as a Mountaineer in *Facade* and Pantaloon in *Carnaval*, as well as giving a dramatic edge to his anonymous parts in *Fête Etrange* and *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*. After brief appearances at the Théâtre de Paris and the State Theatre in Malmo, Sweden, he recently joined Festival Ballet. His future plans include the creation, this month, of a ballet for Ballet Workshop. This is called *Farewell* and is his second work for the group where his first, *Midsummer Watch*, had such a deserved success.

Farewell my Lovelies

Pity poor Rowena Jackson of Sadler's Wells Ballet. She got a bus, after her return from the tour of Portugal, complete with suitcase full of the new clothes she had bought for the trip. When she got off the bus, there was no suitcase. For the first time in her life, she had not insured her luggage. Needless to say the company rallied round more than valiantly and again she has garments to appear at parties.

Balletographies

by PETER APOSPOROS

3. THE BALLET MOTHER

THE name, Irma Paroquette, hides the name of Shirley Parrot of West Hartlepool. Her young life was bounded on all sides by football, her seven brothers talked about nothing else and when, in later years, the Pools were introduced they spent their time filling-in little crosses on forms. Against this background Irma rebelled; she decided to become a ballerina. She was singularly unsuccessful, getting no further than the back row in the local pantomime. After she had been married respectably to a local councillor, the idea still remained uppermost in her mind. However as such pursuits did not comply with civic dignity, she expended her energy on her only daughter. By this time, ballet was becoming respectable—but too late for Irma.

For her daughter, she fought claw and beak until success was finally hers. To achieve this remarkable result she had to resort to, what the rest of the world would call, underhand tricks. Many a ballerina has fallen on mysterious slippery patches on the stage; many a tutu has unaccountably fallen to the ground exposing dancers to the delighted gaze of the audience; many a shoe-ribbon has snapped, but Irma's daughter was always impeccable, she tip-toed daintily to world-fame over a mountain of fallen tutus, broken ankles and shattered hearts.

Irma herself was always in the wings helping the other dancers on with her acid remarks; when this failed to have any effect she would go and stand at the back of the stalls and continue her soliloquy, very noisily, to the delight of everyone within earshot—this usually meant the entire auditorium. But it was all in a good cause because look what she had given to art. Yes, just look!

To-day, the fight is over and she has won. She can sit back and enjoy herself. Her daughter is supreme. She only has to worry about the tutus that only she can make. Perhaps some other mother—but no! it is impossible for she sewed them with steel thread. In the interval, she regales anyone, who cares to listen, with tales of the Russian revolution. The jewels she wears are said to have been given her by the Tzar. It is very dignified, very proper. But if anyone mentions West Hartlepool, they wonder why an occasional tremor shakes her whole being; even that does not happen much anymore.

New Books

OOH! LA! LA!

Second Empire Medley, Edited by W. H. Holden (British Technical and General Press, 15s.)

PARIS of Napoleon III, of Haussmann, of Cora Pearl, heyday of the *cancan*. How glamorous it all sounds to-day; no doubt in a hundred years time, atomically controlled robots will become starry-eyed and weep an atomic tear about the London of Fonteyn, of rationing, and of the square dance. The reason that this book should be of interest to readers is because Ivor Guest has written one of his usual masterly articles on the *cancan*. He traces its origin and describes most vividly the kick and the *frou-frou* of those near-orgies at the Jardin Mabille and Casino du Rue Cadet. How sedate we seem to have got when one thinks of the scandal caused, in pre-war ballrooms, by that most innocuous dance—The Big Apple. It is interesting to know that the great choreographer of the period, Arthur Saint-Léon, hoped to develop some of the *cancan* steps in ballet. Unfortunately his hopes were never realised as it turned cabaret-wards. It has remained for contemporary choreographers to incorporate this, and other social dances, in their ballets.

LORD KRISHNA IN MANIPUR

Manipuri Dances, by Leela Row Dayal (Oxford University Press, 11s. 6d.)

THE bols of all the movements are dhin, tin, ta, ghin, dhe, for each bar of Dadra tal." To the mere Westerner this opening sentence, though picturesque, is hardly enlightening. To the mere Westerner, it must be confessed, the whole of this book continues in much the same vein. There is a glossary of these strange terms in the beginning but it is very confusing to have to be constantly referring back to them. To the Easterner it is probably as simple as *Chicks Own*. Presumably the volume was intended for the ordinary reader, but I must confess that I found myself completely flummoxed. It is a pity because the dances of Manipur, mainly depicting episodes from Krishna's life, are some of the most beautiful and most understandable to the occidental. It is, I am sure, a most intelligent book but unfortunately the whole style of Indian dancing is so alien to us that every 't' has to be crossed and every 'i' dotted before we can really get any idea of what it is all about. Ram Gopal and Kay Ambrose have perfected the manner of enlightening the unenlightened.

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS !

In Praise of Ballet, compiled by Grace Clarke (Frederick Muller, 3s.)

THIS "Anthology of Enjoyment", as it is called, is a companion volumette to others in an "In Praise of ..." series. The others sing loud songs of (amongst other commendable subjects) Bernard Shaw, Cats, Golf, Churchill, and Christmas. Really a series of higher-brow press cuttings.

It is the kind of book which should be printed on rare paper, with rare lay-out, and a binding of rare gems, at a rare price—and then left lying about with the pages uncut. A remarkable assortment of scribes rub uncomfortable shoulders together; some of them, I should imagine, would not care for the way their lines have been taken out of context. Several years ago, Mr. Beaumont compiled a similar kind of book and it was fascinating, this is singularly lacking any such quality. The cover is most unfortunate.

BACK IN THE SQUARE

Hoe-Down Square Dancing, by Bob Franks (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., 3s. 6d.)

A VERY short time ago we were inundated by requests from readers for the names of square dance books. At the time there was almost nothing. Now, they descend in droves. This latest booklet is by Bob Franks of radio and television. It, also, seems to be very clear and concise. From the ordinary reader's point of view it does not make such interesting reading as some of the books we have reviewed previously because the historical aspect is omitted. However, for those who just want to get down to the job, and cut the cackle, it is very informative. Yer just 'as ter tike yer choice.

P. W.

WHY NOT REPRINT

British Ballet, by Peter Noble (Skelton Robinson, 21s.)

THIS is almost the only book on British ballet which is the English equivalent to Anatol Chujoy's *The Dance Encyclopedia*. As a book of reference on matters English, with regard to ballet, it is quite invaluable. It needs revision and correction, and the drawings are not necessary but something of this kind is still wanted here.

EXPECT THESE

Religious Dances	Prof. E. Louis Backman	Published by	Allen & Unwin
Dictionary of Ballet Terms	Kersley and Sinclair	„ „	A. & C. Black
Antonio: a study	C. W. Beaumont	„ „	A. & C. Black
Beginning Ballet	Celia Sparger	„ „	A. & C. Black
Dictionary of Theatrical Terms	Wilfred Granville	„ „	Andre Deutsch
Dance and Drama in Bali	Beryl de Zoete and Walter Spies	„ „	Faber

Toumanova - ballerina

Conclusion of the article started last month.

by PETER WILLIAMS

The previous article on Tamara Toumanova was mainly concerned with the early struggle and formative years as seen through her own eyes and the eyes of her mother. After 1933, Tamara became public property.

IN the late summer of that year the battle was on, actually there were two battles—one about the Massine symphonic ballets and the and the other about whom was the greatest—Baronova, Toumanova, or Riabouchinska.

A new public was not yet knowledgeable enough to realise that there was no cause for battle as far as the ballerinas were concerned, each was so entirely different that their paths hardly crossed—the de Basil company had its right complement of ballerinas.

Diaghilev had been dead four years, and here was a company reviving many of his works with a new generation, and enough of the old to give the works their old lustre. The company came for a few weeks and they remained until the tang of autumn was in the air.

The old Alhambra Theatre itself was enjoying an Indian summer. It was possible to walk out in the intervals into a far more pleasant and dignified Leicester Square, to look back with affection at that extraordinary oriental edifice which seemed as bizarre, and as completely right, as the Brighton Pavilion. (Places of entertainment should be fantastic not utilitarian). The gilt on the cupolas has dimmed and vanished, Tamara, thank goodness is still very much with us.

In those days she was a solemn slip of a girl. Her raven black classical hair framed a face old for her tender years. The fine bone-structure gave promise of the radiant beauty that was to come. Her body expressed the joy of dancing, her lovely deep-set dark eyes seldom smiled. This enigmatic quality gave so much to her roles in Balanchine's *La Concurrence* and *Cotillion*. Those who saw these ballets will always remember, how in *Concurrence* she sank to her knees at the final curtain, happy that she brought about a reconciliation between the two shopkeepers. Again in *Cotillion*, that remarkable series of *fouettés* as the end.

In later years with de Basil she re-created the Miller's Wife in *Le Tricorne*, and the Queen of Shemakhan in *Le Coq d'Or*. In both she was lovely but, to me, nobody alive to-day can ever imply the mystery of that strange Queen who emerges from the earth in Goncharova's tent, as did she. She was every vision from every oriental fairy tale.

As her years with de Basil passed, she grew in stature; there hardly seemed any role that she could not realise perfectly.

In 1939, she was in America without a company and so she made her first and, so far, only excursion into musicals. In *Stars in your eyes* she danced with Paul Godkin, Dan Dailey and a rather formidable *corps de ballet* consisting of, amongst others, Alicia Alonso, Nora Kaye, and Jerome Robbins. In the following year she was back again with de Basil.

The war in Europe already started, the Pacific was still safe. From San Pedro the company left for Australia. Tamara considers thats she made the greatest progress in this country. It was here that she discovered, one night at the end of *Aurora's Wedding*—her balance. It was certainly a remarkable discovery which one cannot help looking on as being a mixed blessing. While an extraordinary feat, its recurrence in places never intended by the choreographer cause it to lose some of its impact. Together with her balance, Tamara returned to America on the last boat home.

A year with Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and guest performances with Ballet Theatre, her marriage to the film producer, Casey Robinson, bring us to the end of the war and her back to Europe in 1947.

I remember making a special visit to Paris in the spring of that year to see how the years had treated her. In spite of an amazing production of *Lac des Cygnes* at the Opera (in which a mammouth swan battled bravely up-stream against a raging torrent) it was possible to see that technically she had gained enormously, while her lyrical quality was in no way impaired.

It was not possible to see her full range until she appeared at Covent Garden with the Marquis de Cuevas company in 1949. This was a very different Tamara, she now had showmanship. Whether one liked her or not, and it must be admitted that occasionally she was rather vulgar, there was never one second of doubt as to her being the *ballerina assoluta*. Apart from *Infanta* and a work by Anna Ricarda she only appeared in classics. In the latter her virtuosity was amazing, particularly in the *Don Quixote pas de deux*. One missed her character roles and it is

(*continued on page nineteen.*

Above: Toumanova as Hippolyte in Lifar's Phédre *for the Paris Opera. This ballet, based on Racine's tragedy, was created especially for her by Lifar. As the tragic heroine, she gave a performance of great dramatic power and beauty. She frequently appears as guest ballerina at the Opera, when the work is revived for her*

Photo: Lido

Left: Trying on her costume for Labyrinth *with the designer, Salvador Dali, watching. This ballet by Massine was first given at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in* 1941 *by Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. The music was arranged to Schubert's seventh symphony*

Based on the Greek myth of Theseus and Ariadne, Toumanova created the role of Ariadne

Psychology of teaching

by JOHN GREGORY

Approach to Dancing 7

In this seventh article on the approach to to dancing, John Gregory (Director of the School of Russian Ballet) considers how the teacher should approach and guide the young dancer.

THE teacher with the psychological approach has the ability to understand the mentality and make-up of a pupil, and with that knowledge endeavours to apply the skill that will bring out and develop to the full the pupil's potentialities.

That skill of unearthing talent, of coaxing, and inspiring the pupil is born of intuition and experience; it is acquired by patience and love.

A great asset for the teacher is to be able to demonstrate precisely. The qualities and shape of a step can only be hinted at by word of mouth; but there do exist good teachers who were not good dancers, and teachers who are incapable of performing dance movements which, nevertheless, they are able to instil into their pupils. Most often, of course, such teachers will use a senior member or leader of the class to assist them in demonstrating the mechanics of a step, or expressing the style and finesse that they wish their pupils to emulate.

Dance can be taught by non-dancers, but only by such non-dancers who have made a long study of the methods of masters, and who are endowed with insight, and imagination, and the ability to understand the anatomical problems which a dancer learns and overcomes by experience.

It is therefore much easier for an old experienced dancer to teach convincingly without demonstrating, than for a young non-dancer to teach at all. It is obviously easier to give an impression, or explain something that has been actually experienced physically and mentally than to analyse and interpret purely from mental assimilation.

The effect of brilliant dancers in a class with raw students may not always prove inspiring, for sometimes the struggling beginner may be discouraged by his own inability which seems magnified in the sight of accomplishment. A certain grading of classes is therefore advantageous.

The guiding of a pupil in the correct line, and keeping him happy and in constructive advancement over a period of years, often brings more than physical problems. Usually students are passing through the adolescent age, a difficult and unstable period to contend with at the best of times.

So in the routine of classes the teacher observes the individual characteristics and peculiarities of his students. He finds that pupils develop complexes sometimes for reasons unrelated to the dance, but complexes which nevertheless affect the students' efforts to dance.

Inevitably the problem of the individual will crop up. The individual who is daunted by physical shortcomings (how many are not?) the individual with fixations about certain steps; the individual who is too shy to overcome his natural reserve, and cannot enter freely into movement, the individual who is too conceited to be corrected, the individual with the dreamer's brain, the individual who is mentally arrested, the obstinate, the stupid.

In the course of studying, the pupil should not be allowed to hug complexes. I have known dancers of considerable accomplishment who have been afflicted with fixations about certain steps all their dancing lives; steps which they are unable to accomplish although they are technically proficient.

A typical example is, for instance, the dancer who can do six or eight *pirouettes* to the right and only one or two rather shakily to the left or who can do brilliant *tour-en l'air* to one side, but crumples up if asked to execute it on the other side.

These complexes may be traced to early training, when faults and habits have developed unchecked. It is important therefore that all such wrong tendencies should be nipped in the bud and not allowed to take root. When the body refuses to co-operate, the mental apparatus is not functioning properly, either through fear, or lack of confidence or other disturbances and the longer the interference continues, the more obstinate and difficult becomes the corrective process.

The sympathetic kindly teacher, the teacher with charm of manner, and a consideration for the human feelings will always be most popular, most adored, will always get the most ready response; whereas the stern, nagging, short-tempered and hard or inconsiderate teacher will be proportionately disliked, or tolerated. The intemperate teacher may have the greatest knowledge but because of his manner, his pupils are to some extent cowed and consequently unable to take from him. Fear is a deterrent, and prevents rather than encourages.

The great teacher is the one who can summon all moods, and attitudes, who can lavish praises when encouragement is needed and who can curse his pupils soundly when they deserve to be. The great teacher is the one who by his presence and power lifts the pupil from the outer world of destruction into the inner world of concentration and devoted work.

TOUMANOVA

continued from page eighteen.)

sad that the present generation has never seen her in them. The fact that she only appears as a guest artist has meant that few great roles can be created especially for her.

To-day, as a ballerina, Tamara is a nomad; as a woman she is contented in her Hollywood home surrounded by her husband, her mother and father. Perhaps the two don't mix but nobody can begrudge her happiness and we must be grateful for her occasional excursions into the outside world, they add a zest to ballet which is badly needed. Her generosity, both in performance and private life, is something that many might emulate to advantage.

The new Tamara dates back to the time she found her sense of humour; "You see, darling, seven years ago it all came to me in a flash. Just like that. I looked back on my life with all its sadness and tragedy, and it suddenly struck me as being terribly funny. It is a big joke. So, I laugh and laugh and I am still laughing!"

Dancer you will know

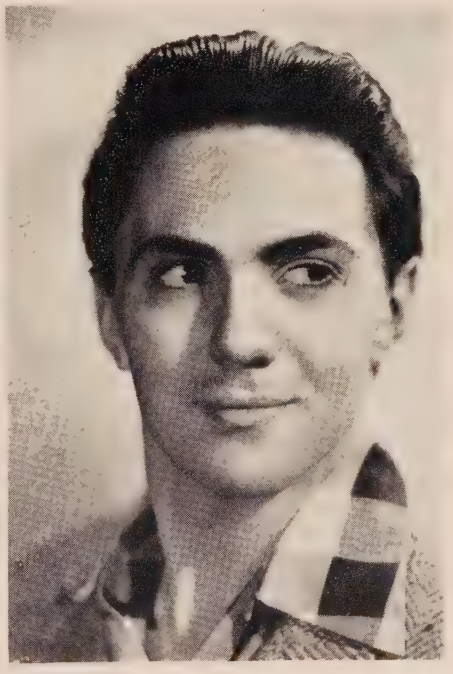

Photo: Maurice Seymour

Born in London in 1928 ; *studied first under Bridget Hogan ; scholarship to 'Wells school in* 1944. *Made debut in* The Bartered Bride *in* 1945 ; *joined Theatre Ballet on its formation the following year ; same year appeared at Covent Garden in the Three Ivans. Principal roles include—Dago in* Facade ; pas de trois *in* Les Rendezvous ; *Nobleman in* Capriol Suite ; *Didelot in* The Prospect before Us ; *Young Husband in* Sea Change ; *Country Boy and Bridegroom in* La Fete Etrange ; *Premier Danseur in* Trumpet Concerto ; *Young Boy in* Summer Interlude ; *Lover in* Khadra ; *Aristocrat in* Bailemos ; *Other Man in* The Vagabonds ; *Eusebius in* Carnaval ; *Siegfried in* Swan Lake Act II ; *Spanish Dance and Bouonff in* Casse Noisette Act II.

MICHAEL HOGAN

MICHAEL HOGAN is a dancer of considerable range ; he has taken a diversity of roles, although hardly any of them have been creations. He is a self-effacing partner, while his dancing is usually vigorous and often exciting. Sometimes it appears to lack polish.

His personality is not forceful and his work has hardly any veneer of brilliance, but his dancing and characterisation always have a forthright sincerity and integrity.

He seems to be able to realise the mood and atmosphere of a ballet remarkably well, his portrayals appearing to come naturally to him, rather than being the result of carefully contrived touches applied by thoughtful application.

The reserved dancer is never going to get the attention bestowed upon him that is given to his more magnetic contemporaries. In an exceedingly colourful company Hogan possibly may be overlooked, but not, one imagines, by those people who have seen him in a few of his better roles ; as Siegfried, Didelot, in *Capriol Suite*, or as the Bridegroom in *La Fête Etrange*.Since the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet returned from their tour of America, Hogan has left the company and joined Festival Ballet as a soloist.

Clive Barnes

"Written in language which I can understand."—*Ronald Timmins, The Dancing Times.*

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A Swing and a Whirl

by CLIVE BARNES

Square dancing is not, as many people imagine, a modern craze. Although it is possible to trace this form of social dance back to the eleventh century, it has obviously been going on since dawn of time.

In this article, Clive Barnes traces the origins of square dancing, as we know it, backwards and forwards across the Atlantic.

DANCING is primarily an activity and only secondarily a spectacle. At a time when the community is disintegrating into personal units, any activity that re-asserts gregarious instincts is for the good. Modern man is becoming as inarticulate as his Neolithic forefather; in dancing he can freely express emotion that otherwise must be subjugated to our assembly-line and chain-store way of life. Dancing is healthy. Dancing is fun. And, in any case, it needs no justification.

The first recorded occurrance of dancing in what historians loftily call "modern times", can be dated to about the eleventh century. This is to be found in the story of "the cursed dancers of Kölbigk". Apparently one Christmas morning a group of young men and women gave an impromptu performance in the churchyard of this small German village, interrupting the local priest's Mass. He was so incensed that he cursed them, as the result of which they danced, or so runs the legend, for an entire year. According to one version they were led by a boy and girl called Boro and Merswinde.

Boro and Merswinde

But Boro and Merswinde have been dancing for more than a year. They have been dancing for half as long as time and will continue until all life drops. They once danced rites of spring with their fellows on the fringes of primaeval forests, they once danced galliards and corantos at the court of Elizabeth, until feeling, like Pepys, that "the corants grew tiresome" they joined John Playford in his dance "longways. for as many as will". Later still they were caught by Lancret in a minuet, while our grandfathers can still remember them whirling around in the Lancers.

However, after the first world war, although Boro and Merswinde continued to dance, they danced together as a couple, rather than in a group. Soon their dancing became little more than a prowling prance round the local palais. Things improved a little when they started to jitterbug—at least for all its extravagance their dance was again expressing something more than lustreless boredom—but the communal spirit which had inspired their early efforts at Kölbigk was lacking.

Recently Merswinde has put on her prettiest frock, Boro has rigged himself out in blue-jeans and a bright check-shirt and they have re-entered the main throng of dancers—they have started to square-dance. Did I say started? No, not started, for our two daemon dancers were square-dancing way-back, way-way-back.

The Square-root

Before we too go way-back, back to the square-root, as it were, of the business, perhaps it would be as well to have a glance at the modern square-dance.

A square-dance (in case you did not know) is any dance, nowadays of American folk-origin, undertaken by an even number, arranged either in a square, a circle or in two lines facing each other. The dance itself is made up of many figures, all of which are called out by the "caller", a kind of master of ceremonies. The three basic types of square-dance, "square", circular" and "parallel", are all very different in structure and origin.

A square square-dance, apart from sounding like an attack of hiccoughs, is usually either a Square Set or a Quadrille. Both dances are for four couples and the fundamental difference between them is, whereas in a Quadrille the dancers perform the steps in their couples, in a Square Set all the couples dance together.

The circular dance is particularly popular in the Southern States. An even number of dancers form a circle; at times during the dance they split up into small sets of two couples, the dancers always returning to the original circular formation in between the various figures. This dance is known as a Running Set.

Historically the parallel formation, called the Longways Set or Contra Dance, is probably the most interesting. The couples are arranged in two lines facing one another, girls on one side, men on the other. There are many variants of this dance the most famous being the Virginia Reel. This is set in a sequence of three distinct parts. Starting from the initial line-up, the first part is danced by the two couples at each end of the line, the second is a reel for the entire company, the sequence ending with a march during which the top couple comes down the line and takes the place of the bottom, thus bringing a new couple into the dance. The sequence is repeated until all the couples have taken a turn at leading the column.

It must be stressed that what is described above are only the general patterns of the various types of square-dance. On to these patterns are put the figures, which will vary according to the ingenuity and skill of the caller and the experience of the dancers.

Transatlantic Crossing

The origins of any folk-art are obscure and fascinating. A folk-art evolves by chance, selection and chance again. Where and when square-dancing really started no one can tell. Towards the end of the eighteenth century a dance utilising a four-couple square, and called the Quadrille, attained great popularity in France. Some authorities think this dance originated from an English folk-dance, in any case it was soon either adopted, or re-adopted, in this country. Quadrilles became the fashionable rage of early nineteenth century England and, together with such off-shoots as the Lancers, retained their favour right up to 1914.

From Europe the Quadrille emigrated to America, where it was mingled with older country dances and re-assumed a rural character. Occasionally, it was simplified, the traditional five parts of the Quadrille being combined to make four, and sometimes three. The first phase of popularity the square-dance Quadrille enjoyed in America was between 1850–1875. (Incidentally the wide empire originally conquered by the Quadrille is further illustrated by Katherine Dunham's theatricalised version of a Brazilian Quadrille, which is featured in her current show.)

But the whole story is not so simple as the importation of one dance. The Longways Set comes straight from a folk-dance carried to the New World by the early settlers, and almost as old as modern life itself. The Running, Set has an even more venerable ancestry including among its probable forefathers the ritualistic May-Pole dance. Then it must be realised that all these dances were thrown into the melting-pot of America, where they acquired various other racial characteristics, some from Scandinavia, some from Scotland, some from all four corners of that polyglot civilisation.

Island without peasantry

It may be asked why this folk-art survived in America but died in England. The obvious reason is that England ceased to possess a rural peasant-community, so square-dancing, like the ballad, decayed. This theory is supported by the fact that many parts of Europe, less affected by industrialisation, still have square-dancing. Square-dancing in its more formal garb (the Lancers, etc.) was ousted from the ball-room, by a radical change of taste in popular music (which was given a strong, if indirect, dose of negro culture—Jelly Roll Morton taking over where Johann Strauss left off) the new music bringing with it its new dancing, and also by the very thing that had caused the Quadrille's introduction a hundred years previously—a quest for novelty.

Another factor was also involved in the persistence of the square-dance in America, and this was their system of "calling". Douglas Kennedy, in his excellent book *England's Dances*, puts the point neatly, and sums up the key-position held by the caller in this form of dancing.

"The success", he said, "of the American Square Dance is entirely due to an old technique now lost in Europe but retained and developed on the American continent. This technique lifts the responsibility of figure memorising away from the dancer and places it upon the M.C. The American Country Dance M.C. is consequently a much more important figure than a mere controller of programme and floor manners—he may actually compose the dance as it is being performed. The "Caller", as he is universally known, chants his continuous direction to the whole company warning them just at the right moment what the next change is going to be, and giving zest to the occasion by his wit and rhythmic syllables."

Art of The Caller

Calling is an art in itself. The chant quite frequently has the rhythmic line and laconic lyricism of the best forms of folk-poetry. Take this for example:*

"*Give your partners a swing and a whirl*
Sashay around your left hand girl
Home you go with a swing and a whirl
Sashay around your right hand girl
Back to your honey with a swing and a whirl
And all promenade the outside world
Promenade folks, and don't get sore
That's all there is, there ain't no more."

Not only will etymologists, and others, get a kick from the word "sashay", but Professor

(*continued on page twenty-five*

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SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

ANYONE seeing the company for the first time on their opening night, April 24, might have had just cause to wonder whether they were in the right theatre. Surely this could not be the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet which had such a triumphant tour of America? Where the verve and sparkle for which it is famous? Where indeed?

The performance of *Coppelia* which took place on the stage on that evening, was one of those occasions best forgotten as quickly as possible. It was an attack of first-night nerves on a grand scale which even affected members of the orchestra who emitted some of the most unpleasant noises heard in many a long year of hearing such things. In spite of this, and there is no point in rubbing any further salt into the wound, we were all pleased to see the company back home and there was no doubt that soon they would be back in their old form.

RAPID RISE FROM THE DEPTHS

THEY did not waste much time in getting back because a few nights later, the same company, in the same ballet in the same theatre, gave one of the best performances seen for years. On the face of it, Beriosova would not seem to be ideal, either physically or in style, for Swanilda and yet I cannot remember seeing better since Nemchinova or Danilova (when both were at their respective zeniths). From the moment she comes on, Beriosova is enchanting; she has a natural gaiety which makes one forget the many faults in this production. Her first act variation needs more brilliance, it needs more accents. The Scottish variation in the next act is rather fuzzy, but this seems to be more to do with the choreography in English productions, than anything else. She has added many personal touches all through which make Swanilda into a person rather than a ballerina in peasant clothing. Blair's Frantz has improved enormously. I like the way he looks longingly at Coppelia sitting in her window, his scene with the ladder is most original and well-timed. But all through, as with Beriosova, he has added many personal things.

Holden's Dr. Coppelius is not sinister, he is a comic old crank who has become slightly embittered by the attitude of his neighbours. In the second act, he is particularly good when he believes Coppelia to have come alive; he almost bites back his tears of joy. He only fails when at the end he realises that all his hopes have been shattered; this moment lacked the pathos of Ashton or Gordon Hamilton.

Altogether, these three made a splendid team and their enthusiasm went through the whole company.

P. W.

WORTHY RUNNERS-UP

ON the first Saturday matinee of *Coppelia*, following the company's return, the roles of Swanilda and Frantz were taken by Maryon Lane and Pirmin Trecu. Both were able to improve substantially on the performance they gave immediately before the American tour.

Beriosova is the Swanilda of our time (just as Fonteyn is the Aurora, Markova the Giselle), but Lane was so good that there were moments, just moments, in her performance when I had my doubts. She had the vitality and attack the part needs, while she made a flesh and blood peasant girl in the first scene, and was roguishly naughty in the second. She is not, as yet, sufficient of the ballerina to invest the last act *pas de deux* with the final touch of style and authority, but this did not prevent her from dancing it exceptionally well.

Trecu appears to have disciplined himself and tidied his dancing to excellent effect. America has done him a power of good. He has not lost his fine sense of presentation, but whereas in the past it has occasionally been employed to excuse somewhat casual dancing, this season it is considerably enhancing a far sounder technical performance. His partnering has also undergone a welcome improvement. Like Lane, his characterisation was at all times intelligently conceived.

Sara Neil (formerly Doreen Brown), who had attracted attention in the Dawn variation the previous evening, was crisp and assured as Prayer. Here, possibly, is a good soloist in the making.

Incidentally I wonder how many people have noticed the startling frequency with which dawns break and dusks fall in this production. Is the action meant to be spread over several days? For example, Frantz starts to climb the ladder outside Coppelius' house at dusk, and after, presumably, laborious effort arrives at the top the following morning. Either the lighting is crazy or Mount Everest itself could learn something from that ladder.

BACK TO THE REPERTORY

THE first repertory programme given by the company since its return was on April 30, and consisted of *Les Rendezvous, Harlequin in April* and *Pineapple Poll*. It was a programme well calculated to show the company's individual qualities of youthfulness, spontaneity and cohesion, to their best advantage.

It is strange to think of *Les Rendezvous* as a veteran of nearly twenty years standing! It seems as fresh and bright as a penny minted yesterday. Nothing more elaborate than a simple *divertissement*, its dances are so original, its high spirits so endearing that it has become a perennial of British ballet, blooming afresh each season. How different are the young people who prance their irresistible way through *Les Rendezvous*, from that group of youngsters who moon decoratively around the nostalgic ball-room depicted in Ashton's later commentary on adolescence, *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*! Perhaps these ballets could be taken as companion pictures representing two aspects of the same people and the same time.

I have long suspected that William Chappell's hobby was the designing of decor and costumes for *Les Rendezvous*. He has done it again, bringing his grand total of slightly different versions up to about five or six. This latest however marks a new trend, for whereas previously his designs have got progressively worse, this one is an improvement on the last. The gates at the back of the set, peremptorily dismissed a year or so back, are triumphantly re-instated. The *status quo* is further re-established by the adoption of white as the ballet's dominant colour, so the decor and costumes are basically the same as those first introduced in 1937 and used up to the end of 1945.

FINE SCORE

HARLEQUIN in April and *Pineapple Poll* are both wearing well. What greatly impressed me, on seeing them again after six months, was the power of their whole conception and the skill Cranko has shown in his impeccable choice of collaborators. Both contain superb ideas which are executed by those very people who can give these ideas their fullest expression.

Harlequin in April is the more interesting of the two ballets. In method and technique it reminds me strongly of Jerome Robbins' *Age of Anxiety;* vivid dance-images share the stage with passages of classical dancing. I should not, however, say that Cranko has been especially influenced by the Robbins ballet. It seems more as though both works are representative of a new trend in ballet-making.

Arnell's score for *Harlequin in April* is probably, apart from Stravinsky's, one of the few important ballet-scores composed since the death of Diaghilev. Admittedly that is not necessarily high praise, but the music's strange beauty, rhythmic tension and pithy economy of statement would, and surely will, be notable in the concert hall.

Punch and the Child, Arnell's earlier ballet-score, should be listed for early production by the 'Wells. He is a composer of experience and stature who appears willing to work for ballet, and makes a pleasant change from the characterless young composers who feel that ballet is a convenient ring upon which to cut their teeth.

Pineapple Poll compels an admiration which increases on further acquaintance. The conventions of "*ballet bouffe*" are comparatively strict. While the conventions are easily complied with, compliance frequently results in a bloodless failure, like *Helen of Troy*. Cranko's success is such that he has produced a ballet in many ways worthy of ranking with *Le Beau Danube*.

ASHTON AND CRANKO

THE two Cranko ballets make a fascinating comparison with *Les Rendezvous*, as Ashton was little more than Cranko's present age when he created this *divertissement*. Certainly Cranko emerges the most imaginative, even the maturer, from the comparison. His ballets are more brilliant theatrical productions, they are also more ambitious. Yet, to me at least, there is no invention in the Cranko works to match the insouciant "Markova-solo" with its cheekily lilting arm movements, or the roundabout *pas de trois*, or even the boys' *pas de six* that are to be found in the Ashton.

Also while one would recognise, if quick at spotting such things, the choreographer of *Les Rendezvous* in *Daphnis and Chloe*, although only two months separated the creation of *Harlequin in April* from *Pineapple Poll* one would, I fancy, be hard put to it to realise without foreknowledge that they were the works of the same man. Variety is always a good sign in any artist, but that variety should perhaps be circumscribed within a personal idiom, which is something not yet truly possessed by Cranko. Possibly he is one of those artists who have to be everything before they can be something.

One final note of comparison could be that in *Harlequin in April* Cranko shows a "high seriousness' 'of approach that would possibly have been completely alien to the young Ashton.

C.B.

YUGOSLAV STATE COMPANY

The company which opened at the Cambridge Theatre on May 19 (too late for this issue but to be fully reviewed in our next) was formed under the auspices of Marshal Tito in 1948. The company is not actually a ballet company nor is it merely a display of folk display. The works have been devised by choreographers, and based on national dances. The dancers are the pick of Yugoslavia. The numbers incorporate dances from Macedonia, Croatia, Serbia, Montenegro, Slovenia and Bosnia-Hertzegovena. The country, though small, has more varied and exciting dances than almost any other country in the world, many of them dating back to 1389.

Krassovska and Gilpin in their last moment together from the second act of Giselle *with Festival Ballet*

When these two dancers played the roles of Giselle and Albrecht, during the recent Festival Ballet season at the Stoll Theatre, they both appeared to have acquired a new authority and understanding of this greatest of all classic ballets. Her mad scene in the first act was most moving; her second act was very lyrical, He has great nobility and his dancing, particularly in the second act, was superb. It takes many years to master the intricacies of the ballet and they are both to be congratulated on having achieved so much in such a short time

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TELEVISION

SWAN LAKE IN FULL

SWAN LAKE, which was televised on April 29 suffered a much happier fate than did the previously televised *Sleeping Beauty*. The well-knit story lends itself more readily to television, where continued *divertissements* do not hold the attention. Mr. Beaumont and Miss Mary Skeaping wisely adapted the ballet so that its original intention of showing off its dancers was held in second place to that of telling its story.

The first and second acts were welded into one whole in which the solemn mystery of the lakeside scene was well contrasted with the festive occasion of the Prince's birthday; and the last two acts were joined by a scene (played to music which I had not previously heard) in which Prince Siegfried is overcome by remorse at the death of his mother and leaves the castle to journey through the forest in search of the lakeside at which he first found Odette.

Only the faked ending spoiled the production. Could not the suicides have been made to appear to leap into the lake instead of merely standing at its edge, while various cut-outs and models floated past, accompanied by one of those celestial voices, beloved by film producers, telling us that they had plunged to eternal happiness?

IRENE SKORIK has neither the grandeur and style of a ballerina nor the necessary feeling to achieve the emotion of this princess. She has a expressionless face, which is not compensated for by a high leg extension or a facility for turns. Her work is not musical and lacks beginning rather than finish; she has an unfortunate way of walking into the middle of a movement.

The choice of Youly Algaroff to interpret Prince Siegfried was a far happier one. He has a great talent for portraying the love-sick princes of the Romantic era, and can sustain an atmosphere of yearning despair. He dances well in a pleasingly soft and unstrained manner, accomplishing all he attempts with ease and grace. His work is marred only by insufficient control of his arms, a fault not uncommon in French dancers, and a tendency to sway his hips. These faults apart, he is a *danseur noble* of quiet yet authoritative distinction.

UNEVEN PERFORMANCES

THE *pas de trois* in the first scene was made plain as an entertainment for the Prince's birthday, and was danced with great chic and grace by Annette Chapell and Pearl Gaden, who were accompanied by Michael Delatre. He is a young man of good appearance and certain accomplishment who would dance well were he to show more temperament. His variation was good but he must remember to dance and not merely mark the parts of this *pas de trois* in which he is joined by the two girls.

Annette Chappell was joined as a Leading Swan by Yvonne Olena who dances with a telling musicality and fluidity of movement, all too rare amongst young artists. Her intensity and dancing qualities show her to be worthy of development as a soloist.

I was not so happy about some of the mime roles. June Brae as the Queen-Mother was so arch as to be downright snooty. Surely she should show love and concern for her son and not merely an intense dislike for everyone in sight, and her indecorous acceptance of his morganatic engagement to Odile has always struck me as odd. Travis Kemp as Benno, the Prince's friend, and later as the Master of Ceremonies at the ball, was quite embarrassingly hearty. Only David Paltenghi as the wicked von Rothbart was convinicng.

STEPHEN BUNDY'S built-up sets were a great improvement on the former "stagey" sets used for television ballet and his use of false perspective was excellent. The costumes were mostly rather old-fashioned and heavy-looking, and Skorik's tutu was disgracefully floppy.

Jeffrey Solomons.

HIMA KESARCODI

THERE was no doubt about the sincerity of Hima Kesarcodi who opened a season at the Arts Theatre on April 22. She gave a programme which included the four classic styles of Hindu dancing Bharata Natyam, Kathakali, Kathak and Manipuri.

The most satisfactory of her numbers were the modern ones based on the classics. Her two dances taken from her own *The Birth of our Nation* were most expressive. One depicted the grief of Indian women over the recent bloodshed and the other showed the destructive power of fear. Both were of the Kathakali school. Another dance from a fragment of a Tagore dance-drama was exceedingly beautiful.

Kesarcodi is also an actress and this, curiously enough, was rather a disadvantage because she expressed so much with her face and voice (in the introductions) that she did not concentrate enough on the line of her body and the finish of her hand gestures. In the purely classic dances she was rather limited. She has a habit of "getting together" with her audience in a rather chatty way which is spoilt by over-enunciation. However, many people found her little talks most helpful but it would have been more effective if someone else had given the introduction and she had made the gestures. It is a mistake for dancers to talk. She displayed quite remarkable breath control which should be a lesson to every dancer.

P. W.

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

SPAIN IN PARIS

THINGS got a good deal merrier down at the Palais de Chaillot after the U.N. General Assembly left and an ensemble of anonymous amateurs moved in with Spanish folk dances and songs during the first part of April.

They danced in all conceivable kinds of costumes—including some which we would regard as less traditionally Spanish, like sheepskin—and wooden shoes— and to all conceivable kinds of instruments, including the bagpipe and the "cobla": a band of flutes, trombone, cornet and double-bass, designed to accompany Catalonians dancing in the market-place.

I was not able to find out how many there were of these well-trained amateurs, but in the final tableau they completely filled the huge stage of the *Chaillot* with a breath-taking symphony of colour.

Before that, groups of them had been allowed to take you on tour through all the Spanish provinces, without any kind of interference by stars or semi-professionals showing off tourist souvenirs for the gallery. For all the contrasts, all still seemed in the most rigid of tastes; and for costumes, joy of movement and just plain fun, *Chants et Danses populaires d'Espagne* was one of the most satisfactory shows of the season—proving once more what an unending source of inspiration Spanish folk dance is for choreographer and designer alike.

ALL the more surprising was the uneven performance of the *Ballets de Barcelone* at the Théatre de Champs Elysées later in the month. The attempt of adapting the idiom of folk dance to dramatic ballet, even giving it touches of classical technique, was not always successful. The decor, frequently cluttering up the stage, suffered from similar lapses in taste. This seemed all the more unfortunate with their amateur compatriots having just shown the amazing variety in colour and pattern which can be unified within the framework of Spanish tradition.

Polychromie du VIIIe Siecle, six tableaux after a series of tapestries by Goya, caught some of this spirit and developed it effectively in short, dramatic glimpses. Much of the credit goes to composers Albèniz and Granados and to Batlle Vilajoana, the decorator.

Juan Magrina, the choreographer, is also the principal dancer. He has character, humour and seemed truly musical. His partner, Rosita Segovia, seemed to have the same qualities, and the range of emotions she was able to convey just with her sensitive arms and head, struck me as outstanding.

In trying to follow their native ways in the direction of our stage dancing, these people still have far to go. But anybody interested in the future of ballet will view their attempts with a sympathetic eye.

Erik Pierstorff.

NEW YORK IN NEW YORK

BALLET Theatre had a sixteen day engagement (April 23-May 8), at the Warner Theatre as stage show to the film Mara Maru. The programme, presented four times daily, consists of a slightly condensed version of Princess Aurora and the complete Rodeo.

It is the first time New Yorkers have seen a complete ballet company alternating with a film and getting such value for their money. The entire company including stars Alonso, Youskevitch, Moylan and Kriza, are there.

For its 1952-1953 New York season, Ballet Theatre will present a new work by Agnes de Mille. The, as yet, untitled work about the Civil War will have a score by Virgil Thomson and decor by Lemuel Ayres.

Oliver Smith, designer and director of Ballet Theatre will go to England early this summer to assist MGM producer, Arthur Fried in the filming of *Brigadoon*. Gene Kelly will star in it.

THE inaugural programme of Theatre for Dance was presented at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on April 22, This first in the series of annual modern dance concerts consisted of works of some of the more prominent modern dance artists, including Erick Hawkins (formerly leading male dancer for Martha Graham), Merce Cunningham (former soloist with Martha Graham's company), Jean Erdman and Donald McKayle, negro dancer.

Intended as a permanent outlet for the experimental works of modern dancers, these annual concerts will be subsidised by The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

David Raher.

NEW YORK IN BARCELONA

THE New York City Ballet opened their European tour at Barcelona on April 15. Local newspapers described the Season as a fantastic success, praising the vitality, technique and precision of the corps as well as the leading dancers. The Company is undoubtedly in magnificent form, everyone has improved enormously since they were last seen in London and with the addition of Nora Kaye and Diana Adams the complement of female soloists becomes outstanding.

Of the ballets not seen in England, *La Valse*, with its exquisite Karinska costumes and Rosenthal lighting, is the most notable. It forms a perfect vehicle for the very individual appeal of Tanaquil LeClercq and the lovely line of Diana Adams. Ruthanna Boris's *Cakewalk* is rather less successful but makes a gay closing work with Patricia Wilde, Frank Hobi and either Janet Reed or Beatrice Tompkins scoring in the leads.

In the Balanchine version of *Swan Lake* the alterations are chiefly for the *corps de ballet*. Some music from Act IV is included and Patricia Wilde dances a variation which almost steals the show. *A la Francaix* is an inconsequential bit of nonsense for Eglevsky, Hayden and Reed which seemed to be well liked by the audience. *Four Temperaments* is now danced in practice costume and definitely seen to better advantage this way while *Serenade* has been given new dresses in similar style to the old ones.

The Balanchine *Pas de Trois* was brilliantly danced by Tallchief, Hayden and Eglevsky; *Lilac Garden* gets a most poignant performance by Nora Kaye, Hugh Laing and Tanaquil LeClercq. In *Bourrè Fantasque*, Jacques D'Amboise misses the humour of Robbins or Laing in the first movement. Nora Kaye now dances the second.

Christine Hunter

SQUARE DANCING

by Clive Barnes

continued from page twenty-one

Child has included worse poetry than this in his monumental collection of medieval ballads. The square-dance, and its vocal accompaniment, are genuine art-forms; commercialised, certainly (what is not?) but still having the vigour that springs from their deep roots.

The art of ballet is the son of social dancing, but unlike its mother it took to the stage for a career. Nevertheless, to revitalise itself its refined mode of expression needs to come into contact with real life every now and again. Fokine pushed Russian character dancing into it, but even before Fokine the European folk-dance had played its part in invigorating theatrical choreography. Recently, the square-dance has been introduced on to our stage by Agnes de Mille and, before her, by the late Catherine Littlefield. In *Oklamoha* its vitality swept over the foot-lights and made the whole evening dance.

Still more memorable was its inclusion in the de Mille ballet *Rodeo*, seen in London during American Ballet Theatre's season of 1950. The first scene of the ballet is over, the music stops and the stage is taken by a group of cowboy-clad figures. They dance a simple Running Set, the chant of the caller being supplemented by hand-claps. A few members of the audience join in, soon almost the entire Opera House is clapping the dancing figures, clap, clap, clap, the staccato throb grows louder until, as the dancers run off into the wings, it suddenly collapses into prolonged applause.

Perhaps you were in the audience, participating in their dancing. If so, at that moment, you were not applauding Miss de Mille, or Ballet Theatre, or ballet; you were recognising the instinct that made poor Boro and Merswinde dance while the priest was saying Mass one day way-back—way-back in the eleventh century.

*From *The American Square Dance Book* by Jimmy Clossin and Carl Hertzog: published by G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

June
2 *Scenes de Ballet, A Mirror for Witches, Daphnis and Chloe.*
4 *Les Patineurs, A Mirror for Witches, Bonne-Bouche.*
7 (M) *Les Patineurs, Giselle.*

Season continues until July 3. Programme not available at time of going to press.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

June
2 *Pastorale, Assembly Ball, Beauty and the Beast, Facade.*
4 *Lac des Cygnes (Act II), Harlequin in April, Prospect Before Us.*
6 *Coppelia* (Lane, Trecu, Holden).
7 (M) *Les Rendezvous, Haunted Ballroom, Pineapple Poll.*
8 *Pastorale, Lac des Cygnes, Pineapple Poll.*
11 *Coppelia.*
13 *Khadra, Harlequin in April, Pineapple Poll.*
14 (M) *Khadra, Assembly Ball, Beauty and the Beast, Facade.*
16 *Lac des Cygnes, Haunted Ballroom, Prospect Before Us.*
18 *Assembly Ball, Rake's Progress, Pineapple Poll.*
20 *Khadra, Rake's Progress, Assembly Ball.*
21 (M) *Coppelia.*
23 *Rendezvous, Rake's Progress, Facade.*
25 *Khadra, Rake's Progress, Jota, Rendezvous.*
27 *Coppelia.*
28 (M) *Pastorale, Lac des Cygnes, Pineapple Poll.*
30 *Rendezvous, Harlequin in April, Pineapple Poll.*

July
2 *Lac des Cygnes, Rake's Progress, Jota, Facade.*
4 *Assembly Ball, Rake's Progress, Pineapple Poll.*
5 (M) *Coppelia.*

FESTIVAL BALLET

June
2 Essoldo, Brighton.
9 Royal Pavilion, Bournemouth.
16 & 23 Grand, Leeds.

July
31 Royal Festival Hall.

RAMBERT BALLET

June
16 & 23 Theatre Royal, Windsor.

July
8 International Eisteddfod (1 performance only)
21 & 28 Open Air Theatre, Finsbury Park.

August
11 & 18 Repertory Theatre, Colchester

September
1 Civic Theatre, Chesterfield
8 Guildhall, St. Ives

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

June
2, 9 & 16 Gaiety, Dublin
23 & 30 Royal Opera House, Belfast

July
7 Theatre Royal, Birmingham
14 Theatre Royal Nottingham

The Remi Martel Dancers in Midnight in Montparnasse *from the revue,* Excitement, *at the London Casino. These modern dancers are one of the hits of a show which contains much fine dancing* *Photo: George Konig*

DANCING IN MUSICALS

SHOW	THEATRE	DANCE ARRANGER	PRINCIPAL DANCERS
CALL ME MADAM	Coliseum	George Carden	George Carden and Olga Roberts
EXCITEMENT	Casino	Daphne Kiernander (for the ensembles)	Danya and Alvarez, Pedro de Cordoba, Remi Martel Dancers
ZIP GOES A MILLION	Palace	Pauline Grant	Barbara Perry ,Audrey Freeman and Ian Stuart
BLUE FOR A BOY	His Majesty's	Joan Davis	Hermene French, Terence Theobold
BET YOUR LIFE	Hippodrome	George Carden	Pamela Bromley
KNIGHTS OF MADNESS	Victoria Palace	George Carden	Hazel Johns
PAULINE GRANT BALLET	London Palladium	Pauline Grant	Gillian Lynne, Malcolm Goddard Nigel Burke, Robert Harold
LYRIC REVUE	Globe	Wm. Chappell	Tommy Linden, Hilary Allen
PENNY PLAIN	St. Martin's	Alfred Rodrigues	Moyra Fraser
		ON TOUR	
KISS ME, KATE		Hanya Holm	Lionel Blair, Deirdre Vivian. Buster St. George

KATHERINE DUNHAM AND HER DANCERS

June
2 Theatre Royal, Nottingham
9 & 16 Hippodrome, Birmingham
23 & 30 Hippodrome, Bristol

July
7 & 14 Hippodrome, Coventry
21 & 28 Royal Court, Liverpool

August
4 & 11 Opera House, Manchester
18 & 25 Theatre Royal, Newcastle

September
1 & 8 Kings, Glasgow
15 & 22 Kings, Edinburgh

YUGOSLAV DANCERS AND MUSICIANS

At the Cambridge Theatre, London, until June 14.

CONTINENTAL BALLET

June
2 Granville Theatre, Ramsgate

Clubs

NORTH LONDON

The North London Ballet Circle. Sec.: Vivien Talbutt, 95, Hornsey Lane, Highgate, N.6. Tel.: MOUntview 4327.

THIS club which has only been formed since March of this year, on April 28 gave a very creditable evening of ballet at the Hornsey Town Hall. With many amateur dancers one so often scarcely knows which is the more amazing—that they dance at all, or that they dance so badly. Fortunately the dancers of this club, most of them pupils of Valerie Hatton and Vivien Talbutt, all appear to have an adequate technique and were able to meet the not inconsiderable demands placed on them by their choreographers.

The lighting, production and, to a slightly lesser extent, costuming were well up to professional standards, although the recorded music could have been better reproduced. The choreography naturally suffered from the absence of male dancers—girls appearing *en travestie* being a poor substitute—and the programme revealed one or two mistakes. The worst of these was to attempt excerpts from the "classics", which invited comparisons as unfair as they were inevitable. Young inexperienced dancers, even when technically adequate, can never give lustre to gems of the classic tradition. To attempt them is unfair to those of audience who know these dances, but doubly unfair to those who are seeing them for the first time in conditions less than desirable. The programme, which was far from dull, was further enlivened by some Spanish Dancing by two Elsa Brunelleschi pupils, Heather Mead and David McAuley.

The club has some reasonable dancers and a couple of choreographers who seem to know at least the rudiments of their craft. It will be most interesting to see whether, in its subsequent performances, it will be content to present watered-down versions of professional ballet, or whether it will aim higher and attempt, within its admittedly limited means, experimental non-commercial works. The amateur dramatic theatre already plays a real and vital part in the theatrical life of the country; one day perhaps our ballet clubs will get away from the 'student-show" type of presentation and take a place of importance in the ballet scene. It is from clubs like the North London Ballet Circle that the lead would have to come.

WILLESDEN

Willesden Ballet Circle, Sec.: Christine Greenfield, 20, Dean Road, N.W.2.

RECENT events have included a demonstration of Spanish dancing by Elanita Sierra, Heather Mead and David McAuley, and a talk on ballet technique by the club's Vice-President, Dimitri Vladimiroff, with demonstrations by Clemency Denning. On May 1, Maryon Lane, one of the club's adopted dancers, gave a most interesting talk on the recent Theatre Ballet tour of America. Miss Lane first gave a very lucid account of the tour, and then withstood a veritable barrage of questions.

On May 12 David Paltenghi was scheduled to talk on "Mime and Television Ballet". On June 5 there is to be a members' symposium on "The Making of a Ballet". A number of members are to suggest, and later discuss with the club, the theme for a ballet, together with proposed choreographer, composer, designer and cast.

All meetings are held at the Anson Hall, Willesden Green.

CARSHALTON

Carshalton Ballet Club, Sec.: Mr. Machin, Rose Hill Community Centre, Rose Hill House, Sutton, Surrey. Tel.: Fairlands 7240.

THIS is a new club and is intended to serve principally the Carshalton, Merton and Morden areas. The first meeting will be held at the above address on June 12. A Brains Trust has been arranged for this, its members will include Clive Barnes, John Percival and, it is hoped, a designer and a dancer.

Ballet Correspondents

(Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; l.s.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested.)

ALAN ROSS, 43 Tower Street, West Hartlepool, Co. Durham, wants b.c., m. anywhere but especially London, Sussex, Durham. Dancers preferred but all welcome and answered. m.a. 21. o.i. theatre, music, art. p.r.

ANNE SHEPHAD-SMITH, White Posts, Walk Wood End, Beaconsfield, Bucks., wants b.c., m. or f. age 12-15 (pref. other languages) in British Isles, U.S.A., Canada or France. m.a. 13½. o.i. music, films, any dancing, theatre, cycling, p.r.

CHRISTINE HOLDSWORTH, Glossop House, 6 Townsend Avenue, St. Albans, Herts., wants b.c., m. or f. 16-18, in Gt. Britain, America, Canada, Switzerland and Italy. m.a. 16, o.i. skating, films, theatre. p.r.

ROSA TANCO DUQUE, Carrera 21, No. 57-29 Bogota, Colombia, S. America, wants b.c., m. or f. age 22-30, anywhere. m.a. 20. o.i. psychology, stamps, writing, music. Speaks English, German, Spanish, all answered, p.r.

ANDREW STANWICK, 32 Comeragh Road, London, W.14, wants b.c. any age, anywhere. o.i. photography, sports, films, outdoor life, work of U.N.O., all answered, p.r

FAY WINSON, 35 Pasture Road, North Wembley, Middlesex, wants b.c., m. 14-16 in U.S.A., m.a. 14. o.i. ballet music, art, books, films, p.r.

FELICITY KNIGHT, Maybury, Geales Crescent, Alton, Hants., wants b.c., m. or f. age 13-15, anywhere. m.a. 14. o.i. riding, athletics, music, all answered.

BARBARA WILKINSON, Woodstock, View tRoad, Keighley, Yorks, wants b.c. m. or f. age 19-22, in Paris or anywhere. m.a. 20. o.i. music, travel, sport, animals. Ls. French, German. p.r.

22200946 L/Cpl. CLIFFORD WILSON, H.Q. 24 Field Engineer Regiment, B.A.P.O. No. 1, wants b.c. f. age 21-23 in England. m.a. 21. o.i. theatre, operatic music, swimming. p.r. all answered.

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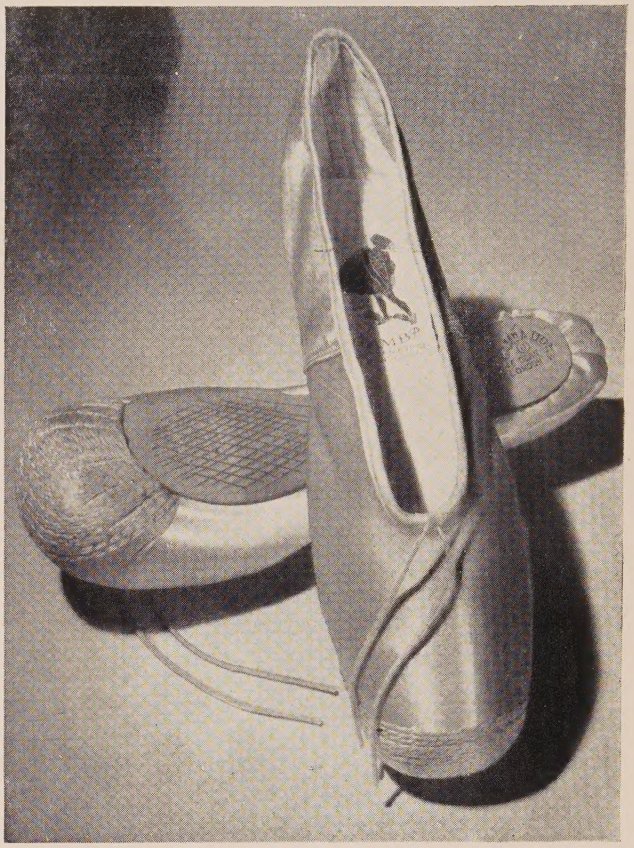

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